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Three Poems

By D. F. Dalston

A Dream's Burial

It was all my own,
I have tended it carefully,
For its sake full many a crop have I sown,
I have guarded it well from the winds that have blown
So bitterly.

I have smoothed its way
Where the knife-edged flints lay spread;
My dream that I loved when I scarce could say
The words of its name. My dream that to-day
Lies dead.

I have buried it deep,
My dream that the world has slain,
It was living and loved, but long shadows creep
On its narrow grave, and the daisies sleep
Again.

The Dream-Ship

I built a ship of fairy-pearl, in days so long gone by,
With woven sails of gossamer that shimmered in the blue.
She sailed upon a sea of dreams to isles where dreams are true,
And all her hold was filled with gold of young hopes beating high.

She sailed at moonrise, when the rays had lit with gleaming light
A silver pathway on the sea, athwart the fairy blue.
About her prow soft curled and crept enchanted mists of night.
Thin mists that veiled the isles from sight, but let their light shine through.

And on she sailed for many a night; she drifted on for days.
Soft breezes drove her gently through the rose-lined golden dawn
To where those islands far away were clothed with quivering haze
Of dancing, dewy, dawn-light dreams, on Morning's wings upborne.

She sailed for days, she sailed for nights, for years she drifted on,
And one by one the golden hopes spread out their wings and flew;
They vanished in the pearl-mist where so many dreams are gone,
And the craft rose on the water as her cargo lighter grew.

The magic isles grew fainter yet, the mist became a shroud,
As, like a shell, the tiny barque tossed, with her empty hold;
Till down she sank, as, through the veil, the sea-birds cried aloud
A requiem for my ship of pearl and hopes of living gold.

The Voiceless Harp

Night after night I sang my slumber song,
Now I am mute.
The hours with laggard footsteps pass along,
No broken lute
More silent than my weary, voiceless strings.
(The dream-birds huddle close with drooping wings.)

Grey Sorrow swept her hand across my heart,
I gave no sound,
No answering wail, and all night long, apart
The sleep hours wound
Their shuddering way. I watched them every one,
And Sorrow watched with me till night was done.

And when the morning came my strings were stilled,
And dumb my lot:
When sorrow played upon my heart I thrilled
But answered not.
Now dim and ghostly spectres haunt my strings.
(The dream-birds hide their heads with drooping wings.)

Two Poems

By F. E. Ledwidge

August

She'll come at dusky first of day
White over yellow harvest's song.
Upon her dewy rainbow way
She shall be beautiful and strong.
The lidless eye of noon shall spray
Tan on her ankles in the hay:
Shall kiss her brown the whole day long.

I'll know her in the windrows, tall
Above the crickets of the hay.
I'll know her when her odd eyes fall,
One May-blue, one November-grey.
I'll watch her from the red barn wall
Take down her rusty scythe, and call,
And I will follow her away.

An Old Pain

What old, old pain is this that bleeds anew?
What old and wandering dream forgotten long
Hobbles back to my mind? With faces two,
Like Janus of old Rome I look about,
And yet discover not what ancient wrong
Lies unrequited still. No speck of doubt
Upon to-morrow's promise. Yet a pain
Of some dumb thing is on me, and I feel
How men go mad, how faculties do reel
When these old querns turn round within the brain.

'Tis something to have known one day of joy,
Now to remember when the heart is low,
An antidote of thought that will destroy
The asp bite of Regret. Deep will I drink

AN OLD PAIN

By n' by the purple cups that overflow,
And fill the shattered heart's urn to the brink.
But some are dead who laughed! Some scattered are
Around the sultry breadth of foreign zones.
You, with the warm clay wrapt about your bones,
Are nearer to me than the live afar.

My heart has grown as dry as an old crust
Deep in book lumber and moth-eaten wood,
So long it has forgot the old love lust,
So long forgot the thing that made youth dear,
Two blue love lamps, a heart exceeding good;
And how, when first I heard that voice ring clear
Among the sering hedges of the plain,
I knew not which from which beyond the corn,
The laughter by the callow twisted thorn,
The jay-thrush whistling in the haws for rain.

I hold the mind is the imprisoned soul,
And all our aspirations are its own
Struggles and strivings for a golden goal,
That wear us out like snow men at the thaw.
And we shall make our Heaven where we have sown
Our purple longings. O! can the loved dead draw
Anear us when we moan, or watching wait
Our coming in the woods where first we met,
The dead leaves falling on their wild hair wet,
Their hands upon the fastenings of the gate?

This is the old, old pain come home once more,
Bent down with answers wild and very lame
For all my delving in old dog-eared lore
That drove the Sages mad. And boots the world
Aught for their wisdom? I have asked them, tame,
And watched the Earth by its own self be hurled
Atom by atom into nothingness,
Loll out of the deep canyons, drops of fire,
And kindle on the hills its funeral pyre;
And all we learn but shows we know the less.

A Vision

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

I saw you in the failing light;
Standing, soft-breathed and warmly white;
Your sweet arms open to invite
You scarce knew what of Love's own might.
And fire leapt through me at the sight.

I saw you in the ripening corn;
Flushed and alight with love new born:
And I—I kissed you till the dawn
Rose red and golden: till the morn
Crimsoned our nest among the corn.

Children

By F. G. Layton

HAVE you seen the children playing—in the street?
Did you note their boots and stockings—and their feet?
Grimed and festered, blue with chilblains—children's
feet!

Have you asked them of their breakfast, dinner, tea?
Bread and margarine for breakfast, dinner, tea!
Have you cursed that this should be allowed to be?

Have you seen the dens where little children sleep—
Fœtid dens, where children cry, and scratch, and sleep,
Where the fleas—and worse—their horrid vigil keep?

Have you heard a starving baby's hopeless cry?
Did you mark the shrunken limbs—the filmy eye?
Did you swear? Or did you pray that it might die?

Do you vow to fight the Devil—once a week,
When on Sundays, as the fashion is, you seek
Strength to bear you through the troubles of the week?

And the Devil—does he chuckle, as he sees
Little children left to cry, and starve, and freeze,
While we others—warm and fed—are on our knees?

Philippa May

By R. Christian Duncan

The children beat on the door and say,
"O, work no more till to-morrow!
Come with us primroseing, Philippa May"—
What should they know of sorrow?
"Children! dear children! not to-day—"
"Come with us primroseing, Philippa May!"

We wandered down, *we* came this way
Through the year's rough weather—
Never broke too harsh a day
For us, who came together—
"Children! pull not at my gown!
Make me not go this way down!"

We came this way to meet the Spring—
Each day brought her nearer,
Each day showed some little thing
That made her presence clearer—
"Children, children! not this way!"—
"Come with us primroseing, Philippa May!"

We wandered down, we passed this pool
Where Spring finds first the willow—
She leans across its waters cool
And tips the boughs with yellow.
"Children! pull not at my gown!
Make me not go this way down!"

Then face-to-face we met the Spring—
Who else so dainty-fingered
To set the blackthorn blossoming
While the snow yet lingered?
"Children, children! not this way!"—
"Come with us primroseing, Philippa May!"

PHILIPPA MAY

We met the Spring—here at our feet
We found a primrose growing—
And then she fled, her work complete,
The woods all primrose showing.
"Children! pull not at my gown!
Make me not go this way down!"

Now no more will come the Spring,
The young glad time is over—
How should I go primroseing
Who have lost my lover?
And the children's voices echoing say,
"Primroses! Primroses! Philippa May."

Vin Ordinaire

By D. H. Lawrence

I.

A WIND was blowing, so that occasionally the poplars whitened as if a flame ran up them. The sky was blue and broken among moving clouds. Patches of sunshine lay on the level fields, and shadow on the rye and the vineyards. In the distance, very blue, the cathedral bristled against the sky, and the houses of the city piled up to her.

The barracks were a collection of about a dozen huts of corrugated iron, that sweltered like Dutch ovens on the hot summer plain, but were gay with nasturtiums climbing ambitiously up. The soldiers were always outside, either working in the patch of vegetable garden, or sitting in the shade, when not at drill in the yard enclosed by the wire fence.

Now the huts were deserted, the beds pushed up, everything tidy. Bachmann went to his cupboard for the picture postcard which he usually sent to his mother on Wednesday afternoon. Then he returned, to sit on the bench under the lime tree, that was sweet with blossom. Green-bladed flowers, like tiny wrecked aeroplanes, lay scattered in a circle on the ground, and the bench under the tree, shaken down by the wind. Another soldier was writing: three more were talking, their conversation full of the dirty language they always used.

Bachmann addressed his card, but could not think of anything to say to his mother. His brain was quite empty. The postcard lay on the bench before him, he held the pencil in his fingers suspended. He was a long-backed, limber youth of twenty-two, and his clumsy uniform could not quite conceal the grace of his figure. His face was tanned by the sun, and yet had a certain fair-skinned delicacy, showing the colouring of his cheeks. His moustache

was reddish, and continually he stroked it with his left hand, as he sat and stared at the postcard.

"Dear Mother"—that was all he had written. And in a few more minutes he would have to set off. He stared at the "Liebe Mutter." Then suddenly he began to write: "I am just off to the drill, climbing the fortifications. The walls go clean up from the water." He stopped. "I can tell you, it is exciting." He stopped again. Then, a little pale, he continued: "The frost has got most of the cherries. Heidelberg cherries are 80 a pound. But they are all right here. Are ours all right?" The postcard was filled. He signed himself with love, got a stamp out of his purse, and stuck it on. Then, apprehensively, he looked round. He had handsome, rather prominent blue eyes, the colour of speedwell. His manner of lounging was somewhat voluptuous and sprawling, as if he were too full of life to do a thing meagrely.

His comrades were assembling in the yard. He put the postcard into his pocket and joined them, laughing. No one would have guessed that his heart was gnawed inside him with apprehension. He moved with indifference and a little abandon, martial also, since he was a soldier. There was something young and conceited about him, something swagger and generous. The men treated him with a familiarity of affection, but they handled him rather cautiously for all that. He was easily the most noticeable among them, the most handsome, the best proportioned, quite un-German in his gracefulness of bearing and remark: also a little given to showing off.

Presently the sergeant appeared. He was a strongly-built, rather heavy man of forty. But it was evident he had gone to pieces. His head stuck forward, dropped a little between his straight, powerful shoulders. His face, once handsome and full of character, had relaxed, so that all its lines hung sullenly. The dark eyes were heavy underneath. It was the face of a passionate, ruined, hateful man. His duties were only intervals in his drinking.

He gave his orders briefly, evidently not one to waste words, and the little company moved down the white road. The vines on either side were dusty, the poppies at the edge of the corn blown to pieces, whilst the tall rye bowed deeply, and deeply again, in the wind.

Bachmann walked with his usual ease. His comrades had a manner of marching head-first, something like bears. He had none of that dogged submissiveness, but went easily when he was not tired, and then his shoulders, not his head, went slack with fatigue.

Now he was afraid. At the very core he was gnawed with a shame of fear. He knew the taciturn officer disliked him, and more or less saw through his braggadocio. He was afraid of the climbing. He could not bear to be at a height. It made his bowels melt, and his limbs turn to water. But there it lay before him, this afternoon, and it had to be done. He had never quite given himself away yet. He was supposed to be a reckless dare-devil. Nor was he afraid, in the water, or fencing with swords. He had accustomed himself to these things since he was a boy. But he was afraid to ride on horseback, and he was afraid of heights. And fear of these things harassed his soul like shame, in company of men. With women it did not matter.

They drew near to the walls of the town, passed down a path among trees, and came to a halt. At their feet, the grass ended in a winding canal of water, whose edge was planted with trees in little thickets. The place was silent except for the rustling of the leaves. In the distance a sentinel was seen occasionally passing through the waving shade and sunlight. Marguerite daisies and the gold of lady's slipper glimmered peacefully among the mysterious fortifications, in the deep grass. Occasionally, a puff of wind made the grass pale.

The group of soldiers stood at the end of one of the moats, in their light blue and scarlet uniforms. The officer, with his powerful body and miserable face making the young soldier's heart uneasy, was explaining tersely and brutally. The water was dead still. On the other side of it, the stone wall of a rampart rose again, a low cliff, along whose summit the grass grew and tall daisies stood, showing their form against the dark of the waving trees beyond, overhead. The soldiers felt dwarfed, down in face of the ramparts. Still and lush and mysterious the place was, gloomy with trees. And penetrating to this silence came the run of tramcars and the noise of the town, a hundred yards away.

Bachmann's heart was beating as he listened to the terse

but not very intelligible instructions of the officer. Then the practice began. One man had to take the ladder along the stone ledge at the foot of the wall, over the water, and, fixing it, climb to the land above. Bachmann watched, and it seemed easy. But he felt shaky himself. He had been too long in suspense because of this climbing.

The blue-uniformed figure of the climbing soldier mounted, clambering, grasping, to the height, moved along the edge of the little precipice, and prepared to descend again. It was doing everything according to command, so that it had a blind, unintelligent look about it. Small at the height, blue and scarlet among the intense greenery, it went, apart from everything, with dull feet to the next point, crouched, and began to make ready for the descent. But it was evident from the blind groping of the feet, the tense stiffness of the legs and back, that the body was moving against its own will, almost subjugated, but yet stiff. The sight of it made a flame of rage and impotence and fear go through Bachmann. He trembled slightly. As a rule, when he obeyed, he obeyed himself, identifying his will with that of the authority. Often it cost him a bitter effort, and made his face pale with ignominy. But then, in his soul, he had acquiesced to the great fact of the Army, and so had more or less identified himself with it. Now came the supreme test—whether his will, sufficiently identifying itself with the will of the Army, could control his body. If not—. He stood waiting, the anxiety gnawing in his chest, full of the torture of fear.

His turn came. He knew by some intuitive feeling that the officer had perceived his condition. The sergeant was furious to-day. Occasionally came the long snarl of a man whose blood is disintegrated with irritation. Bachmann went in silence along the ledge at the foot of the wall. He placed his ladder at last successfully, his previous failures having made him the more chaotic and blind. Then he began to climb. The ladder was not firm. At every hitch his heart went molten hot. He hung against the face of the wall in mid-air, in agony pawing to grip the rungs with his toes. If one fell, one would be nicely broken against the ledge, as one dropped into the water. His heart began to melt. Vaguely, he was conscious of the growing space beneath his feet. He clutched the rungs of the ladder with

his hands. Things were beginning to spin out of their places. He was sensible to the firmness of the ledge in the space below, but not the firmness of the ladder on which he hung. And he seemed to be reaching to the hardness below. Already he was in mid-air unsupported, so that there was nothing to do but fall. And so—everything went pitching in a sickening swoop. The sergeant's voice was thundering away underneath. That was nothing. His heart gave another furious, circling swoop, his wrists were melting off, his knees, his ankles going. He would fall. Then a little, hot sensation penetrated to him as in a swoon. His water was running down his leg. He hung on to the ladder in mid-air like a numbed fly, neither able to fall or to mount. Quite still, quite inert, he hung there, shame, like an anæsthetic, having for the moment blotted him out. Perhaps his hands were growing slacker.

The soldiers below had stirred and laughed uneasily. Now they were silent. The officer was yellow with fury. Even he at last was silent. They watched the inert figure, blue and pitiable, cleaving against the wall, just below the broken grass that bristled unconcerned. The officer, in his rage, ran to another ladder and climbed up, giving the men instructions to come after.

Bachmann was just coming out of his swoon of panic. Once again he could feel his wrists and knees firm. Things were taking their places too, as to one who wakes from a nightmare. For a minute they had all dissolved, and there had been nothing but space into which he had hung unsupported, with certainty of the hard ledge far beneath, whose very blow that would break his body would be a panting relief to his soul. Now all things were growing fixed again. Eagerly, he was rousing. In a moment he would be able to grasp the grasses and perform that feat which had paralysed him in awaiting him—climb over the edge of the wall.

But as he reached to clasp the next rungs, large hands seized his wrists, and, in a great gap of fear, he was being hauled over the edge and on to the trampled grass. He lay on his knees. Then slowly, his senses coming to him through a thick daze of disappointment and unconsciousness, he rose to his feet.

The sergeant, panting with rage, his face yellow and

livid, stood glaring at him, unable to speak. Bachmann waited, still too stunned to know anything but shame, only feeling a certain flame shoot to his heart, as he was aware again of the contact of the officer's hands with his own wrists, felt the officer's strength gripping him and pulling him up. He was bewildered. Then he began to tingle with pitiable rage. He had been climbing up without the officer's interference. A flame went through his heart as he felt again those large hands suddenly grasping and hauling at his wrists, just when he was in motion to succeed of himself. Now—he was a miserable carcass hauled there. A fierce, self-destroying rage possessed him, tempered with hate and self-justification.

He became aware of the low, hissing voice of the officer, a squeezed voice that came from a big panting chest. The sound cut him through with shame. His head hung, he did not hear what was said, only he felt the low, tense flame of contempt and destructive abuse in the other man's voice. But somewhere in his heart he resisted, he would not give in. Suddenly he started back as if his heart would leap out of his body. The officer, his voice growing louder, had thrust his discoloured face forward into that of the soldier. Bachmann started away; the vision of the sergeant's face, the open mouth, the upper lip raised from the teeth, the snarling, barking look had shocked him away on the reflex. His heart was pounding, his limbs began to tremble, his nerves felt like fine, white-hot threads. There was a moment of anguished suspense. Then, the voice getting louder, the face of the officer thrust suddenly into his again, the mouth opening and gibbering with words whose noise only he heard, Bachmann starting from it in blind revulsion, was jerking up his arm to profect his face, when his elbow caught the officer's mouth and nose with a cruel blow. The elder man jumped, staggered backward, and stepped over the edge of the ramparts, while the soldiers sprang forward to stop him. There was a shout, then a loud crash of water.

Bachmann stood impotent with fear. The soldiers broke into movement.

"You'd better run, Bachmann," said one, in a voice of pleased excitement. The guilty soldier turned and walked down the tree-hidden path into the street.

There, he stood in the sunshine, watching the officers

ride by, the soldiers passing, the few civilians sauntering on their errands. He went towards the town. Over the bridge the trams were running. Down below, at the water's edge, the unequal, old French houses shone gaily in sunshine. The Cathedral was fine, her myriad little pinnacles pricking into the blue sky. Everybody was easy and comfortable, this sunny afternoon. He felt for a moment quite at peace. But he was aware of a great strain in the past—and in the future. He would soon be taken. And he faltered and stood still.

But no, he would not be taken. A wave of revulsion against it all went over him. He would get away. He was himself. Rapidly, he thought of all the places in which he might hide. How heaped with purple the lilac-trees were, how clean the grass and the white walks by the river! He could not think. There was nowhere to go. It was a beautiful afternoon. He felt dark. It seemed to him curious the soldiers riding by so negligently should not notice him; that he was conspicuous like a man in a black cloak.

Perhaps it would be easier to go back to the barracks and take his punishment. He did not care what they did to him.

But then his heart hardened itself. He did care. He hated them all. They did not give him a chance to be himself. He hated the army. It had trampled him when he was willing and had made him ashamed. Why should he give in to the army any more? Why should he let it put him to prison? He was himself.

But then, how could he help himself? There was only his mother. Ah, what a shame for her! And he could not help it. He hated the army, the uniform he wore, the very movement of an officer's steed. And everybody would be against him—everybody. Each one of the common soldiers would be there to lay hands on him. And what for?—for nothing. In a dazed heaviness he walked along. Everywhere was militarism—there was no getting away from it. France! America! suddenly he caught at the idea of another land. He wanted to be in America. To be in a foreign land would be to be himself again.

II.

There was no way out—no way out. He was walking just blindly nowhere. Yet it was only forty miles to France. He took the next bridge across the river. Soon the order would be given for his arrest. He knew it was quite hopeless to think of escape. He was too much alone.

His heart gave a sudden leap and stood still. There was Emilie. If he hid till night, then he might get away over the border. Emilie was a servant at the Baron von Freyhof's, at the big house half a mile away from his own barracks, and not more than two miles out of town. Yet it was quite in the country. He would go there. It was a chance. By taking the Scy tram, he would not have more than a mile to walk, across the fields. And soldiers were so common.

He got into the small, quick-running tramcar, all eager now to come to Scy and to Emilie. He felt he could trust her. She was proud and reserved. Once she had walked to town with him, and at evening he had talked to her in the courtyard of the Baron's house. At any rate, he would go there. He had a feeling that it was right.

He got out of the tram at the terminus and took the field path. The wind was still blowing, but not so strongly. He could hear the faint whisper of the rye, then the long swish-swish as a stronger gust came. The vines smelt sweet to him. He liked their twinings and the tender look of the young shoots. In one of the fields men and women were taking up the hay. The bullock-wagon stood on the path, and the men in their blue shirts, the women with white cloths over their heads, carried the hay in their arms to the cart. He was thinking of his own village. There the hay was being cut. It was a still, beautiful sight to see the sun on the shorn grass, and on the movement of the harvesters.

The Baron's house stood square and grey in its big garden, among the fields. Across, he could see the low swarm of the barrack's buildings. He did not hesitate, but walked as Fate led him, to the courtyard entrance of the house. The dog, Peter, seeing a soldier, only danced. The pump stood peacefully in the shadow. Everything was still.

The kitchen door was open. He hesitated, then walked in. The two women started. Emilie had just lifted the coffee-tray. She stood, questioning and superb, fronting him across the room. She was very dark, with closely-banded black hair, proud, almost cold grey eyes, and the faint shadow of hair darkening her upper lip. She wore a peasant's dress of bright blue stuff with little reddish roses scattered over it. The silver, and the white and rose of the coffee-service, shone in her hands. The outline of her firmly-covered breasts showed distinctly. She stared at the young soldier.

A look of recognition, of question devoid of feeling was in her eyes as they rested on him. He was aware of the nursery governess sitting at the table picking a dusky heap of cherries. She was a young woman of about twenty-five, pale, freckled, pretty, dark-haired. Her dark eyes were looking questioningly at him; she had a pleasant but rather hard face.

He went pale, meeting Emilie's challenging stare, and felt rather dreary. It was harder than he thought, appealing here. He was half-minded to turn and go again. But Fräulein Hesse looked kind and attentive. Bachmann seemed to feel the open courtyard behind him like an exposure.

"I had a go with Huber," he said, slowly, his tall, graceful body leaning slightly forward, his blue eyes strained and trying to smile. Emilie's inquiring look, shy eyes and haughtily defensive bearing, made it hard for him.

"How do you mean?" she asked, half-audibly.

"I knocked him down the fortifications—partly by accident—and ran." He looked at her rather vaguely. It was all so mechanical.

"You what!" cried Fräulein Hesse, rising dismayed and capable from her chair. Emilie stood unmoving. He glanced at the governess for support. But he felt the steady, hard grey eyes of Emilie watching him. And somehow, it was to this woman he belonged. Beautiful she looked, too, in the blue dress tightly covering her breasts, straight and proud in her bearing. She was still waiting for him. It was like judgment.

"I thought perhaps I might hide for a night, and then get away to France," he said. And for the first time his

blue eyes met those of Emilie, and he looked back at her, straight into her. It made him suffer too. He wanted something to back him up. Slowly, she lowered her eyes.

"Yes," she said, as if she had not understood, and turned away, going through the inner door with the tray. He watched her proud, straight back, her strong loins, the thick, black plait of hair bound round her head. She was gone. He felt lost and forsaken.

"They are having coffee in the garden," said the governess, "and the children are there. What did it do to him?"

He looked at her quickly. But she was gazing direct at him, thinking, waiting.

"I don't know," he answered, rather bitterly. Seeing the cherries lying near him, he took a handful and began eating them, slowly. Fräulein Hesse regarded him, half wondering. Accustomed to the atmosphere of soldiers, she was at a loss for the moment.

"And what happened?" she said.

"He was ragging me. You've seen him push his face into yours and you mustn't move. I couldn't keep still. I put my arm up to keep him off and it caught him, and he fell down the fortifications." The young soldier had become an actor at once. He went through the scene with vigorous gestures, his blue, rather full eyes staring. Fräulein Hesse watched, fascinated. He finished, and began to stroke his reddish moustache.

"You don't know what it did to him?"

"Might have killed him—I don't know," he replied, looking at her as if calmly submissive to fate. He had rather a beautiful, abandoned pose. Nevertheless, he was gnawed with anxiety to know how much the officer had been hurt. But he kept his thoughts from the question—it was too disturbing. Fräulein Hesse stared at him, her face full of wonder and speculation. Emilie returned. She closed the door behind her, then went and closed the outer door. He continued to sniff the scent of coffee, wishing for a drink, while he ate cherries thirstily. Something was steaming on the stove. The enamel pans shone blue on the wall. He felt a little bit out of place, as if he were acting some part. The pans hung so easy and natural. And he waited for the two women to dismiss his fate.

"Where can you go?" asked Emilie, in her subdued, meaningless voice. He, helpless, looked up at her. She stared a moment at him, then at Fräulein Hesse. Her colour came, and she shrank slowly away from him, lowering her eyes, unable to speak. He looked at Fräulein Hesse. Her eyes were roused. They looked straight into his with a kind of smile. She was taking lead for him, and seemed to communicate with him privately.

"Your room would be the only safe place, Emilie," said she, bravely. Emilie flushed darkly, and did not answer. Then she raised her head and looked at him challengingly, like a woman forced into a compact and assuming a responsibility against her will.

"Come then," she said, moving to the door.

"I will see it is all right," said Fräulein Hesse.

In a moment he was following humbly and obediently. He noticed the scarlet mantle of a child on the hall-stand, the great maps on the wall, the queer engravings on the stairs. Then they went down a long corridor. Emilie, closed and withdrawn, opened the door for him, and stood, like a servant silent and inscrutable, waiting for him to enter. He passed her, and stood in the little room, his head bent. There was a good deal of humiliation. Emilie entered and silently, like a servant, closed the door behind her. She stood waiting. A little hot feeling flickered up in his heart.

It cost him an effort to raise his head to her. Then he told her, briefly what had happened. He was afraid she should see the quiver of light in his eyes. The two of them were in a kind of bondage. In her silence and dumbness, she was so close to him.

"I shall think of a plan," he said, watching her.

"Yes," she said, staring at him.

"Do you think I shall be safe here?"

"If nobody has seen you." She turned away from his eyes.

"It feels safe enough," he said, vaguely.

"Yes," she said.

And, without looking at him, a blush fading off her dark cheek, she left him.

He looked round the little room, standing in the middle, half afraid to touch anything. He knew she resented his

having forced the privacy of the room. Yet there was something else, too, in her feeling, that made him rouse in his pride. The room was bare and severely tidy. He had often enough been into his mother's bedroom. Yet this gave him a curious sensation, of fear, of alertness, excitement. There was a picture of the Sacred Heart over the chest of drawers, and above a low praying-chair a crucifix, rather large, carved in wood. He stood and looked at it. He had been brought up a Protestant. He stood and looked at the symbol. His senses quickened, he perceived for the first time in his life that the carved figure on the Cross was that of a young man, thin and wasted and cramped. It was a crucifix carved by a peasant-worker in Bavaria. The Christ was lean and rather bony, with high cheek-bones and a dead face, the mouth hanging slightly open. He was a common man. Bachmann had seen many a peasant who might have been his brother. And it startled him. He was shocked to think of the cramped torture the man must have gone through. He wondered what Emilie, dark and proud and isolated, thought when she looked at the naked, dead man carved there. "It might be me," thought the soldier.

He saw her rosary beside the bed, and the strip of pictures representing the Stations of the Cross. He resented her religion, became violently Protestant. Then he looked round for water. There was none in the room. And he wondered if she would attend on him—bring him coffee perhaps. He wanted a drink.

She did not come. He sat down on the bed, feeling as as if already he had crossed the sea into another land, almost into another self. Then he took off his belt and his boots, and wondered what he should do. He felt a little bit forlorn that she did not come at all. He would want a suit of clothes and a bicycle, that was all. His mother would give him money. She was well-off. There remained to cycle across the border into France. He would start the next night. That would mean thirty hours in this room. Better that than years in prison. The thought of prison made him grasp the bed-post hard. And then came the strong, curious sense of Emilie's presence in the house.

He took off his tunic and lay down, pulling the great over-bolster across him. He felt subdued and disconsolate.

There was nothing to get hold of anywhere, and he was not a man who could easily be much alone, or stand alone. He always wanted to feel other lives associated with his. Now there was nobody. Well, he would have to put up with it for the time being. Sometimes his heart beat fast when he thought she was coming. And then, too, he could ask her for a drink. But she did not come.

III.

When at last she opened the door he started and sat up in bed. His eyes, staring at her from the twilight, startled her too.

"Did you bring a drink?" he asked.

"No," she said. They were afraid of each other. She went away, returning quickly with a jug of water. And she had to impose a restraint on herself, to bear it, whilst he drank long and heavily. Then he wiped his moustache on the back of his hand. He was afraid to begin to eat before her. He sat on the bed. She stood near the door. He looked at her strong, erect, aloof figure. She glanced at him. He was in his shirt and trousers, sitting bending forward on the bed.

"I thought I might. . . ." he said. And he told her quickly his plans. She heard, almost without paying attention. She wanted to go. A certain power, something strong and of which she was afraid, was taking hold on her. It was growing darker. His voice seemed to be getting slower, reaching to her, and she could not move. At last, slowly, after a silence, he slid off the bed, and in his silent stocking-feet, approached her. She stood like a rock.

"Emilie!" he said, afraid, and yet driven.

He put his hand on her. A shock went through her frame. Still she could not move. And in a moment his arms were round her, he was pressing her fast, holding her body hard against his own, which quivered through her in its vibrating. He had put his face on her, was kissing her throat. And there came upon her one intolerable flame, burning her breath away. She was beginning to swoon. He lifted his head.

"You'll marry me, Emilie—as soon as ever—?"

But words were a falsity, and he fell into silence. He was kissing her throat. She did not know what she was panting for, waiting for. But his mouth, with the soft moustache, was moving across her throat to her cheek, and at last their mouths met. She met him in the long, blind, final kiss that hurt them both. And then in positive pain, blind, unconscious, she clutched him to her. She did not know what it was that hurt her with sheer pain. He, shuddering slightly, was growing afraid, so unconscious and awful she seemed. With trembling fingers he unbuttoned her bodice to feel the breasts that had been in his consciousness so long, buttoned firm under her cotton dress. He found them, and she started with agony.

Then her mouth met his mouth again. And now she was sheer instinct. It was so powerful that she would have died if she had to be taken from him at this moment. It went through her limbs till she felt she was sinking loose.

IV.

Sullen, reserved, she returned home. She agreed to sleep in Fräulein Hesse's room. The governess remained excited, but kept just the same in her belief of the entire innocence of Emilie's relationship.

"He wants me to marry him when he's safe," said Emilie, in her balanced fashion, yet something gnawing in all her veins.

"Well, you will, won't you?" pleaded Fräulein Hesse. "I'm sure I would."

Emilie's face grew for a moment dull and submissive.

"Will he want anything more?" asked Fräulein Hesse, as they prepared for bed.

"No," said Emilie, before her new submissiveness could work.

She would not go near him again. And yet every second she was aware of him. Her very heart beat in painful strokes of him. She bore him some deep, unfathomed grudge. He lay safe and easy in her room. When she went upstairs, she listened. There was not a sound. He would be fast asleep. Fast asleep! Her heart set sullen as she undressed in Fräulein Hesse's room.

She could not sleep. All through the night the unsatisfaction, the slow, mean misery of half-satisfaction kept her awake. She lay suffering blindly, stubborn to what ailed her. But her heart was hot with sense of him, burning almost with hate of him. She lay and waited, waited in a slow torture, unable to sleep or to think. Something held her from going to him. It did not even occur to her. She lay almost without thought. Yet all the time she hated him that he left her so. It was for him to finish what he had begun. Every fibre of her hurt with a kind of painful sensibility of him! Why could he not set her free to be herself again? She struggled, for him, against him. Through the early, beautiful dawn she lay awake, waiting, watching, waiting for something that never came. Some inertia held her. She could not go near him of herself. Like a thing bound down, the whole woman in her was held hour after hour, all through the night.

Towards five o'clock she dozed fitfully. She awoke again at six and got up. Her heart was sullen and dull with hate. She could have trampled on him. She went downstairs. The Baron was already stirring.

Bachmann had slept uneasily, with dreams and restlessness all the night. At first, quivering with anxiety, trembling he knew not why, he had lain and listened for her, the minutes one long-drawn-out space of waiting. Then at last his heart had thudded heavily, hearing her come upstairs. She was coming. But another door closed, and there was silence—a silence that grew longer and longer and more desert. Then slowly his heart sank very deep. She would not come. Nor could he move to find her. She would not come. So there was this strain between them, bleeding away his vitality. She had left him. She did not wish to come to him.

Then the physical shame of the time when he had clung on to the ladder, the shame of being hauled up like a sack, of having failed with himself, came up strongly, under the new pressure of her not wanting him. He lay feeling without honour and without worth. And he thought of the next night's danger, and saw himself shot. Though really, he hoped for the morning, when everything would come right again. In the morning she would come. If he and she were all right, the other thing would be all right. If

she had done with him, then he was afraid—there was nothing for him to grasp, to keep himself together. But his thoughts rambled on, to his escape, to his new life—and he fell fitfully asleep.

From four o'clock he lay and waited, dim, abstract, impersonal, his individuality gone, waiting dimly for her to come again. Then he might retrieve himself. He heard the doors close. She would have to come soon. And then, being pushed to the very brink of his own being, he would go to her. It was desperate for him. He seemed nothing anywhere.

He got up, looking out of the window. The bugle sounded from the barracks. Everything was fresh, steaming a faint grey vapour from off the dense greenness of the fields and the trees. There was no town anywhere. He stood looking out, feeling the world beyond him.

V.

At seven o'clock the Baron, a lieutenant from the barracks, and three soldiers came into the kitchen. Emilie stood erect and challenged them in her magnificent fashion, her grey eyes dilated. But she felt weak in herself, and foiled, feeling herself implicated.

The Baron had been working in his garden. He stood in his suit of green linen, fretted, not knowing quite what to say. He was a man of medium stature, full of life, with blue eyes, and sudden, hot movements. As a young lieutenant his right hand had been shattered in the Franco-Prussian war. As always, when much agitated, he shook his wounded hand. He did not want to question Emilie. She stood hostile to all these men. Suddenly the Baron flashed round on her, and asked:

"Did you post a postcard to the mother of this Bachmann last night, Emilie?"

The slim, deprecating lieutenant, the agitated, fuming Baron, the three clumsy soldiers looked at her. She felt herself the object of their cruel attention, and set herself back.

"Yes," she said, distinctly, mechanically. She did not feel as if she herself had anything to do with all this.

The Baron's wounded hand fluttered with irritation.

"And what about him, then?" he asked, angrily.

The very resentment in his tone prevented her answering. There was a pause, while everybody felt strained and falsified. Emilie alone stood, like a slave, by herself.

"Did he come here?" asked the Baron.

He grew furious. Standing in front of her, his eyes began to glare at her, his wounded hand, half-hidden by his side, shaking spasmodically. She knew he wanted her to say "No." She stood straight, stubbornly muted. It made her soul go dead in her, to be bullied at this juncture. She did not answer. Slowly, the Baron submitted to the effect of her silence.

"Shall we go then and see?" he said, rather bitingly, to the lieutenant. And Emilie knew that he was hating her and despising her.

The soldiers, heavy and bearlike, tramped with their rifles after the two gentlemen. Emilie stood rooted, unable to move, but her anger was deep. She listened.

Bachmann heard the heavy feet approaching the door. So strong a tension stretched him, that he was unable to feel. He stood watching the door. It opened, and revealed the soldiers.

"So!" exclaimed the Baron, quietly, seeing him.

Now they had got him, the common soldiers lost their up-pricked excitement, and grew uncomfortable. As soon as the lieutenant had given the command to finish dressing, they went dull, and stood like clods near the door. The Baron took a pace or two, in irritable distress. He watched the shaking hands of Bachmann fastening at the belt. Then the expressionless face of the young soldier was raised in obedience. The Baron went out of the room. The voice of the lieutenant gave the order to march. Two soldiers went first, then one soldier holding Bachmann by the arm, then the officer in his fine uniform and the Baron in his green linen.

Bachmann moved dimly, scarcely realising anything. The soldiers went lumbering down the stairs, tramped through the hall, and then down one step into the kitchen. There was a smell of coffee and of morning. The prisoner was aware of the straight form of Emilie standing apart, her fine arms, bare from the elbows, hanging at her sides.

She too held her face a little averted. He did not want to look at her, but her presence was very real to him.

The Baron came to a halt in the kitchen, hesitated and looked round.

"So you share your room with a deserter, Emilie," he said to her ironically. Then he clapped his heels and shook hands very formally with the lieutenant.

"No," said Emilie, forcing her lips apart. "I was with Fräulein Hesse." Bachmann, hearing her struggling voice hating the imputation, faltered in his walk. The soldier pulled him by the sleeve, uneasily, miserable in his position. And when the prisoner started again, it was with uncertain steps, and his teeth closed on his lower lip, his eyes staring fixedly; and whichever way the soldier twitched his arm, he went obediently.

The sun was breaking through the morning. The Baron, in his old gardening-suit of green linen, stood watching the soldiers go down the drive. A cock crowed vociferously in the still new air. They were gone round the hedge. The Baron turned to Emilie. She stood more withdrawn than usual, as if waiting to defend herself. Her cheek was a little pale.

"The Baroness will be surprised," said the Baron to the stiff-standing maid. She turned her eyes to him, like a slave at bay, unable to understand his tone. He bent his head.

"Hiding one of the soldiers in your room," he continued, as if in raillery.

"He came and asked me," she said, through scarcely-moving lips.

"So! Then it's his own look-out?"

"Yes," said the maid, not understanding.

"Yes," re-echoed the Baron, and with a bitter sneer on his face, he went to the door. "In fact, you had nothing to do with it," he said, turning with a furious smile. She stared at him. Why was he so angry with her? He was gone with his head down. She continued her preparation of coffee.

Swansea Village

By Edward Thomas

A GREAT many people know that Swansea is a Welsh seaport and manufacturing town, the centre of a district where it has been said that "nine-tenths of the entire make of copper in Great Britain" is smelted; that it has claims to be called the "Metropolis of South Wales"; that its football team beat the South Africans; that Beau Nash was born there, and Landor dwelt there, making love to someone named Ione or Jones, and writing "Gebir"; that it possesses a ruined castle and a new "Empire"; that it lies across the visitor's road to Gower. Here and there more can be heard of it. One of its parks, says a lady, had for some time a clock with the hours (like Marvell's dial) marked in flowers. Another avers that the town smells, and that the inhabitants either do not know or do not care, some holding the opinion that one of the smells is beneficial.—It is a magnificent town, of which some, if not Landor, might say even to-day that for scenery and climate it excels the Gulf of Salerno or the Bay of Naples.—It is a sordid hag of a town, sitting shameless amid the ruins of its natural magnificence.—It is as good as Blackpool.—There is "nothing particular" in it, nothing old and picturesque, nothing new and grand or even expensive.—Many of its dark-haired and pale-skinned women are beautiful.—And so on.

But this I cannot understand: that some people should be—and some are—indifferent to Swansea. Year after year I go there (I do not mean to the Mumbles, but to the town, and nothing but the town), and walk up and down it and round about, inhaling sea air and mountain air, or the smells from copper works, cobalt works, manure works, and fried-fish shops; year after year I have felt that only friends could bring me again to Swansea. But the

town is a dirty witch. You must hate or love her, and I both love her and hate her, and return to her as often as four times in a year. It is not this or that beautiful or hideous thing that draws me. I do not go to see a woman pitching broken crockery out of her front door into a street where children go barefooted; nor to smell the stale fat of the skinyard, and see shaggy cattle driven into the slaughter-house, and a woman carrying a baby in a shawl after them; nor to hear midnight quarrelling in the Irish quarter—a woman at first having it her own way, shouting louder and louder and drowning the man's bass interjections, then wildly screaming "Bastard, bastard," until the cry is smothered in noises of scuffling and throttling, and the victor's voice rising for a moment as he strikes, and, after that, her sobbing and moaning, that ends in silence broken only by the child they have awakened. I do not go because they will tell me those brand-new edifices are on the site of the old block of cottages "where the bad women lived"—as if the "bad women" were used in the foundations or had been scared out of their iniquity by the splendours of architecture. The pleasant accidents are many in Swansea. The docks are always pleasant with the smell of tar, the weaving whirl of sea-gulls, the still ships, the cold green water reflecting the gaudy figurehead of the *Kate*, the men unloading potatoes, the painter slung under the bowsprit, with a fag in his mouth, which he puts behind his ear to whistle "Away to Rio." For that minute the ship looks like a beautiful great captive beast, beautiful in the same manner as the neighbouring caged thrush's song of pure thickets, the sun, the wind, and the rain. I like, too, the rag-and-bone man blowing one deep note on his horn as he travels mean streets; and the cockle-women (their white, scoured cockle-tubs on their heads or under their arms) from Penclawdd, dressed in half a dozen thicknesses of flannel, striped and checked, all different and all showy—with broad hips, no waists, stout legs slowly and powerfully moving, and the clearest of complexions and brightest of lips and eyes under their fine soft brown hair. Six days of the week I like the whole Swansea crowd of factory men and girls, the shawled mothers, the seamen, the country folk, though not one element is exceptionally picturesque.

These pleasant and unpleasant things, however, have little to do with the final effect, composite but very definite, of the whole town: they colour certain days, but no more. What counts most is the careless, graceless nature of Swansea, its lordly assemblage of chimney stacks, its position at a river mouth between mountains, and the neighbourhood of the sea. Cheapness, *clapham-junction*, squalor, or actual hideousness is everywhere in contrast with grandeur and even sublimity, and these qualities do not alternate, but conflict or in some way co-operate. In the central streets, broad and glassy, thronged to the point of tumult with men and beasts and every kind of vehicle,—in the outward-going roads of monotonous, and dismal or unclean, cottages, threaded by electric trams and country carts,—and in sunless courts where privacy and publicity are one,—you have always in sight either sea or mountain.

For the greater part of the town is built on riverside and seaside ground, where the mountains open a little wider apart to make way for the river Tawe. Two steep and treeless mountains hang over it. One of them, called at different points Mount Pleasant (where the workhouse is), Gibbet Hill, and Town Hill, is more or less green, but carved by quarries, and now higher and higher up striped with horizontal lines of plainest cottages and of villas pretending to some form of prettiness, all set among wastes of poor grass, feverfew, and wormwood. The straight ascents are as steep as the street at Clovelly, the paving-stones in some being tilted out of the flush to give a foothold. Once the springs in this hillside fed several wells of some fame, such as the Baptist Well and St. Helen's Well, which are commemorated only in the names of streets. Kilvey, the other hill, is green to seaward, but where it falls most abruptly, and the valley between it and the Town Hill is narrowest, it has been stripped by poisonous smoke and covered with a deposit of slag, except on the perpendicular juts, which reveal the strata of blackish rock; a chimney pierces the summit and stands out against the sky. The lowest parts alone of this hill are littered with houses, but on a high green terrace seaward linger a white rustic cottage and a small farmhouse or two, and above them, at the very ridge, an old windmill tower.

The town cannot forget these two hills, whether they

rise clear in their green or their drabby black, or whether the flurries of mist reveal a momentary and fragmentary glimpse of Kilvey's hilltop chimney or windmill tower, a grisly baseless precipice and a gull passing it, a gleam of white wall. Between the hills bends the river, the yellow Tawe. The factories crowd to its right bank, opposite to Kilvey, in order to get rid of their gilded and other filth, and to receive the ships; in the mud and yellow stones rests the two-masted *Audacieuse*, of St. Valery-sur-Somme, discharging phosphates, while three men in blue stand below to caulk and paint her. In spite of the colour of the water, numbers of people have fallen into it, some by accident, some after deliberation. The one foot-bridge crosses at the docks, where the character of the river is lost. Only a ferry plies from among the factories to the few undesirable houses under the steepest and barest part of Kilvey. A man, therefore, might live in Swansea without knowing of the river. But the mountains which it cleaves are omnipresent, and from many places its course can be seen far away inland through heights green with grass, grey with bare rock, or violet with distance.

The low waterside crowd of copper, steel, tin, zinc, silver, cobalt, manure, and other works is the real Swansea. The remainder, the miles of flat-faced cottages here or upon the hill, is but an inexpensive prison where the workers may feed, smoke, read the newspapers, breed, and sleep. Those works vomit the smokes which Swansea people either ignore or praise; for when the smell from the manure works pervades the town, they expect fine weather from a north or north-east wind. They take you up on the Town Hill at night to see the furnaces in the pit of the town blazing scarlet, and the parallel and crossing lines of lamps, which seem, like the stars, to be decoration. If it is always a city of dreadful day, it is for the moment and at that distance a city of wondrous night. I have seen the steel works—I think when the roof was uncovered for repairs—look like a range of burning organ-pipes, while overhead hung, or imperceptibly flowed, a white spread of smoke, hiding the hills and half of the black, starry sky, but only half veiling the tall chimneys which silently increased it. At dawn it is worth while to see the furnaces paling, Kilvey very clear and dark, and

the few stars white above it. Dawn climbs over Kilvey Hill into Swansea.

By day the scene is better because the variety is greater, according to the wind and the lie of the sea mist, the river mist, and the smoke, both the accumulations and the individual tributaries of smoke; and because then can be seen the dim ridges of the greater mountains beyond the chimneys, and in the other direction a hundred moods of the sea and the coast hills. The furnaces, the vast, sooty sheds clanging and clattering, the fuming slag hills, where women crawl raking for something less than gold, and, above all, the grouped or single chimneys standing irregularly beside the river, are more worth looking at than a model town. As for the chimneys, like gigantic tree-trunks or temple pillars that have survived some gigantic desolation, these and their plumes of smoke or of flame are among the most unforgetable things that men have made. The black hills and vales of Landore, its fire-palaces and hundred smoke-stacks, compose one of the sublimest of all absolutely human landscapes. The slag heaps are venerable even in age. One of them, still growing in the midst of the town, is about a century old, and with the two blackened cottages nestling at its foot it would seem a considerable hill were it not backed and dwarfed by Kilvey. It is one of the boundaries to a characteristic Swansea waste—several uneven acres, strewn with brickbats, trodden in all directions, without grass, and on the other sides bounded by houses, a big school, and a church about as high as the hill of slag. Evidently this land once served some purpose, is now disused, and is waiting for a day when time is no longer money. Similar spaces are sometimes occupied by the town refuse, which the east wind distributes and the "Rising Sun" washes down. Out of one broad space, black and scarred by watercourses from the mountain, a small part has been railed in for a children's playground, with swings, parallel bars, and seats; but no grass grows there. Numerous lesser wastes mark where houses have been or are to be, and at present they are useful sites for a pile of tins, glass, earthenware, rags, sweepings, tea-leaves, and fish-bones; nettle and wormwood flourish. These are in the more domestic portions of the town. Among the factories can

be seen many a disastrous black wilderness, a black, empty amphitheatre traversed by the yellow river. Another kind of waste is the marshland above the town proper, invaded on one side by tips of slag, but too marshy for the most cynical builder, and still left, therefore, to rush and thistle.

Everywhere decay and ruin make their boast side by side with growth. Disused workshops are not supplanted, but are spared by some form of piety to stand and thin into skeletons, with gaping walls and roofs, to fall gradually in heaps among their successors. The sheds with rafters broken, tiles slipping, bricks dislodged, the derelict and tumbling cottages, the waste places of slag, old masonry, and dust, tufted with feverfew, the yards cumbered by rusty iron implements and rubbish, the red rivulet plunging in black gorges, speak rather of a bloodily conquered and deserted city than of a claimant to be the "Metropolis of South Wales." But round the corner a new block of buildings, including a chemist's and a sweet-shop, followed by cottages with painted wooden porches, and then a three-year-old chapel filled by a noble hymn wailing triumphantly, and next a view of twenty chimneys and of hills divided into squares of corn and grass and irregular woods, revive the claim. And yet this chapel is at the foot of a rough quarried slope sprinkled thinly and anyhow with white and whitish cottages among rushes and tufted grass, which is a scene of an almost moorland sweetness for those living in the new-old streets of eternal smoke under the mountain opposite, barren and black.

The same piety spares also the deserted dwelling. The old mountain farmhouse, whose pastures entertain footballers instead of cattle, is left to gather moss and docks on its thatch, and stones (thrown at the windows) in all its rooms. The ferry-boat from the works over to Foxhole, a straggling settlement between the bare steep of Kilvey Hill and the river, lands you by a bunch of four old cottages of the colour of scorched paper, the walls of their tiny yards collapsing, and all windowless except the one which gives some reason for supposing it to be inhabited by human beings. Nearer the centre of the town other dwellings have attained a similar condition. Whole streets of houses, too old at fifty or sixty, have been condemned, but are still used because they are, at any rate,

warmer than the outer air. When new cottages are built they often stand against the ruined ones instead of taking their places, just as the new church at Llansamlet stands against the partly ruinous old tower.

The houses are seldom of the material and make to be comely in their old age. The flat fronts shed their grimy plaster in flakes; the windows are like the eyes of the blind; the miniature gardens consist of fowl-houses, nasturtiums, and cats; and from the gramophone comes a frivolous London tune, or from the harmonium "Yes, Jesus loves me," while at the back door a woman washes in the sun. Until they are well advanced in decay, they are hardly interesting save to the occupiers and to sanitary authorities and housing committees. Almost all of them have been erected in long, straight bars or blocks during the early or late nineteenth century. They peel or split and become dirty, but their two windows and a door, or three windows and a door, have to depend for variety of expression on a barber's pole or coloured advertisements; very few have front gardens. Old age and neatness seldom adorn the same house in Swansea. As it ages it falls into worse and worse hands; the garden is given over to wormwood, and a piece of semi-rustic slum is completed. Signs of ease, opulence, and pleasure, mysteriously created by men and machinery, are to be seen in the high-placed villas towards the sea, but they have no individuality except what is given here and there by a piece of cliffy garden.

The best, as well as probably the oldest, building in Swansea is the castle. It is wedged in, and actually incorporated, among shops and dwellings, though it displays a beautiful range of arcading above their roofs; a telegraph post sticks up in the middle; but it still protects a small, inaccessible patch of long green grass on one side between it and the street wall, where a building site is advertised. Its position low down near the river, obscured by the glories of the principal street, denies it the impressiveness of the so-called Trewyddfa Castle which crowns a steep, isolated hill farther inland at the verge of the town. This is a spare, craggy ruin, like a few rotten old teeth, near Landore station, but high and distinct above the pale, scrambling cottages of the slopes. Not a hundred years ago, they

say, the "castle" was built by a public man as a residence, that he might refute with ostentation the charge of penury. But he was not a Norman baron, and, lacking power or courage or imagination to raid the neighbourhood with arms, he could not endure life on his eminence very long. The forsaken mansion was let out in tenements, failed as such, and was finally offered to rain and wind as the material for an apparently feudal ruin. They have performed their task to admiration: Trewyddfa Castle is the only thing in Swansea to satisfy a taste for the mediæval picturesque. At the foot of its hill, horses pasture among gipsy vans, slag heaps, cottages, and the remains of cottages.

Swansea is too busy to invent an Arthurian or feudal tale about this "castle," or in any way to coin money out of it. Of the vanity of picturesqueness the town altogether lacks traces. And yet some money has been spent on making the old round windmill tower, towards the seaward and green end of Kilvey Hill, impervious to weather, boys, and the few dirty-faced cows of those pastures. Seats have been placed on two sides, because it is on the flat at the very top of the hill, and eastward, southward, and northward the eye ranges without impediment. To the south are the lowest-lying parts of Swansea, the mathematical lines of the docks, a steamer hooting as she enters, many sailing vessels at rest and silent, and trains shunting with noises as of a drunken orchestra tuning up,—the yellow-sanded bay curving under a wall of woods to the horned rocks and lighthouse of the Mumbles,—the main sea and the aerial distant masses of Exmoor and the Mendips. A world of domed or abrupt mountains to the north is broken up by the valleys of the Neath and Tawe rivers. The waveless, effervescent blue sea to eastward is edged by dunes, and behind them by wooded or bracken-covered high hills with emerald clefts; and the white and the dirty smoke of Neath and Port Talbot rises between the sands and the hills.

The seats round the windmill tower are a little worn, but I never saw anyone there, nor met anyone who had been there. Why should people go up? Not to gain a view, certainly. Swansea has as many views as smells. Every street has a view at one end or the other, some have one at both. For example, Byron Crescent, and,

better still, Shelley Crescent, new streets high up on the green hill and curving with it, command so much of sea and mountain that their names are not ridiculous. Steepness forbids houses to be built on both sides of the horizontal street, and enables Shelley Crescent to look clear over the back of Byron Crescent. One end looks on Kilvey Hill, the riverside works at its foot, the lines of the multitudes of cottages, the dotted "castle" mound, and beyond it the greater mountains. The scene from the other end includes first the docks, the slated, rectangular labyrinth of the town, hardly diversified by a few churches, a gasometer, and here and there a row of elms or poplars, or a single tree, projecting as it were out of fissures in that mass of brick and stone; and then the silver, cold, rippled sea, with slashes of foam, stretching away to the hills of Glamorgan, hazy with smoke, and to the hills of Somerset, which are as clouds. In twenty years Shelley Crescent will be old, and they will have forgotten to paint the woodwork; but the sea and the far mountains will be the same, and Kilvey can hardly avoid being still half green, half black. By that time Swansea may have a quarter of a million inhabitants; I shall not guess whether the village will have become a town. At present it is probably more a village than when the borough counted about a thousand under Elizabeth. Its activity in spreading hither and thither has kept it from thinking about anything but factories, docks, and the necessities of life. That is the dark charm of Swansea to one who has not to live in it. It is careless of itself, of its majestic position, its lovely neighbourhood, its hundred and twenty thousand men, women, and children. Compared with Cardiff, it is a slattern. Yet, being a spectator, I am glad that I have known Swansea between these hills, and not a lesser Cardiff or Liverpool. Equally shameless and unpretentious, it swarms about the Tawe, climbs over the hill with inconsiderate vitality, always allowing the magnitude and precipitousness of its hills to have full effect, while they in their turn emphasise the rustic squalor and confused simplicity of the town, combining with it to make a character which at the same moment irritates and fascinates.

Democratic Painting and the "Desophistication of the Eye"

By Bernhard Sickert

I TAKE as the theme of my article Mr. Charles Marriott's novel "Subsoil." It may seem, after the voluminous writings in the magazines and papers for the last four or five years on the New Movement in art, rather an amateurish proceeding to select a novel for text-book, on the basis not of its value as a work of itself, but as an exposition of the movements now proceeding in the sister art of painting, and it is open to Mr. Marriott to retort that the opinions he puts in the mouths of his puppets are not his own. Whether that is the case or not is of no moment, and as the work is evidently not satirical in intention, the views there expressed and the tendencies disclosed, though possibly not originating in Mr. Marriott's own brain, are so cogently and clearly stated, that I do not think they can be bettered. And being incorporated in a single short work, and expressed in colloquial English, they can easily be reviewed, whereas it would be impossible to begin even to enumerate all the various articles that have appeared from writers more or less expert on this subject. Besides, one would have to learn the jargon in which most such articles are written, and as a painter myself I have neither time nor patience for such a study. If Mr. Marriott has been posted, he has been very well posted, though it seems to me from only one side. To put it shortly, he appears to claim that Neo-Impressionism, or whatever the movement is to be called, is essentially a Democratic movement. In passage after passage he pleads for what I may call the "Desophistication of the eye," he shows a band of painters engaged in unlearning, apparently with great ease and rapidity, what it had taken a lifetime to learn, the merely "professional"

accomplishments and criterions which are obsolescent since they are not in demand. Now, so far from tending towards a simplification of standards and criterions to meet the needs of the folk, one would conclude, perhaps hastily, from the examination of most Neo-Impressionist works and from the writings of their champions that the movement was essentially an aristocratic and exclusive one, demanding new criterions which must be learnt, and involving a standard so exquisite that fewer individuals than ever can be expected to appreciate or to learn and apply it. It would seem both to a painter like myself and to most laymen that the last thing the Neo-Impressionist desires is to be understood by the ordinary man, who must submit to initiation before he can expect to appreciate, and who may then after all disappoint his sponsors by his failure to respond in any practical way to their efforts and may even become a devotee and competitor to worship at the shrine instead of paying for its upkeep. So far as the movement is the desperate endeavour of the incomplete or incompetent artist to singularise himself among his fellows by extravagance of subject and treatment, it has already been exhausted by the impossibility of being any funnier than before. At bottom, the endeavour to avoid banality, although in itself excusable and even sympathetic in a young and ambitious artist, must in the long run be a bad motive, because it is based not on a positive, but on a negative principle because it is an avoidance, not a preference, because shortly, it is founded on hate, not on love.

On the other hand, no artist, I think, can fail to sympathise with the motives which Mr. Marriott has found underlying the new movement, and it is certainly worth while to try to analyse these motives, and ascertain, if possible, whether they seem likely to produce any substantial advance.

Sutherland "did not want to preach, but he wanted to communicate," and he could only communicate by the desophistication of the eye, by unlearning the facility he had acquired. And so we find this typical artist passing through all the phases which we observe to-day in groups He inquires of his own soul what is his *raison d'être* and receives no answer. "At Trevenen" (*i.e.*, St. Ives and Newlyn), "he finds himself and his colleagues flourishing

upon decay. There must be something wrong about an art that was dependent on the picturesque." Thus damning in one theoretic revulsion all the Dutch and all the English schools with Rembrandt at the head, he turns to "shipyards, factories, foundries, chemical works and coal mines." "Here was something that satisfied him both as an artist and a human being." Concurrently with this alteration in choice of subject comes an alteration in his outlook and his methods. He tries to get away from the professional eye and the professional criterion, he leaves off worrying about subsidiary qualities like values and atmosphere, he begins to detest privileged mysteries, dilettantism and preciosity.

"One afternoon when he had fatigued his powers in a careful transcript of a barn at the corner of a wood, he took a fresh panel and, without paying much regard to truth of appearance, rapidly and rather ill-temperedly, as if he were making it plain to a stupid person, brushed in the panorama before him. The result was crudely forcible, rather like the work of a child who paints what he remembers instead of what he sees. When he took out the panel in the morning, he saw that he had got something that he had not got before. The crude map of the hills with their contours over-insisted upon, and their differences of tone exaggerated, conveyed a new sort of truth. He had remade the hills in paint."

Now, so far as this "desophistication of the eye" is an attempt to meet definite conditions such as mechanical reproduction by photograph or otherwise, the limitations of mediums, like stencil, silhouette, carved wood, repeated patterns, wall papers, etc., etc., if the eye is already "sophisticated" by attention to subtleties (in values, let us say), no doubt some such violent re-birth is beneficial in compelling the (for such a purpose ill-trained) artist to recognise how much can be suggested in methods which cannot be realistic owing to the necessary limitations of the medium. But even here it seems to me what is required is not "desophistication," but simplification. If these Neo-Impressionists were merely handling "limited" materials, such as pastel, one would not quarrel with their blunders as blunders. "You have done your best. Continue and improve." But no, that is not the tone. They take the grandest medium of all, oil, which

has been proved by centuries of achievement to have a range, not unlimited, of course, but of amazing depth and height and width, to have a quality which may be in itself, apart from all questions of truth of colour or accuracy of drawing, of a beauty which has no parallel in any other known medium, and which has, in the hands of quite recent and living masters such as Monet and Degas, opened new vistas of beauty to our eyes, and degraded it to the level of wool-darnings or shapeless bits of tin, to the besotted ravings of drunkards and the drivellings of dotards, and all this in the sacred name of desophistication.

I think of the awful scene in "The New Generation," when Nechdanof, the Russian Hamlet, returns horribly drunk to Marianne and stutters, "You were always telling me to be simp- simplified, Marianne: well, now here I am, simplified!" . . . .

On the other hand, if this desophistication is an attempt to meet a less cultivated and, above all, a *less interested* eye, such apologies as Sutherland's are disingenuous, because they put a philosophical and democratic gloze on a purely commercial venture. I have no quarrel with artists who are forced by circumstances to please boors or oblige hooligans: I am sorry for them and wish them better patrons. But I do quarrel with those who acclaim such a proceeding as if it were a new gospel, for that is to put a premium on degradation, to be proud of a defect, or at best a regrettable necessity. Sutherland is irritated by what he calls "glib" art, and instances Raeburn. On the other hand, "Opie's was the work of a good tradesman, a man who had probably never heard the word 'artistic,' but addressed himself to a practical task in the same spirit with which he might have made a pair of boots. He could have made her see what was the matter with Raeburn—though in point of skill there was no comparison between it and the Opies. . . . Might have painted 'em with his elbows. . . . But . . . . a good piece of character. . . . That's just it, and Opie didn't skim it off the surface with his eyes." Here, although it is easy to see Sutherland's point, I don't think he is happy in his choice of example. Surely, whatever Raeburn's fault was, it was *not* skimming character off the surface with his eyes. He erred on the other side, by insisting on character at the

expense of truth of tone and colour, but if he is to be reproached with "glibness," then Rubens, Gainsborough, Franz Hals, Turner, Corot, to name only a few of the greater men, are much deeper sinners. But what a singularly damning plea all this is! Take it in conjunction with the passage I have quoted concerning Sutherland's first essay in Neo-Impressionism. There he works "rapidly and rather ill-temperedly, as if he were making it plain to a stupid person," and is pleased with a result which is, by his own showing, "crude and exaggerated." Here he upholds Opie against Raeburn because he painted like a "good tradesman," who is "making a pair of boots," who "might have painted with his elbows." I can understand a man who frankly prefers Opie to Raeburn, but this new line of defence which Mr. Marriott has noted shrewdly and truly as typical of our times is the most singular phenomenon of all. To point out an artist's defects one by one, to be blind to none of them, and then to proclaim that he is to be preferred on that very account, is so odd a proceeding that we can only appreciate it when we realise that it arises from contempt of the people, not from sympathy with it. Put in plain words it amounts to this. "You butchers and bakers, you tailors and grocers, don't presume to admire Raeburn. Opie, a tradesman himself, is good enough for you. You *shall* prefer him. He paints like a tradesman, and like a bad one too, for he paints with his elbows. Take him, he is your man!"

No doubt every contemporary artist or connoisseur passes through phases when he is irritated with the amazing vitality and power of the masters and turns with relief to stiffer, feebler and cruder art, such as that of the Primitives, Italian or Flemish, the pre-Raphaelites, or the honest and careful work of the last century in portrait and landscape.

In literature, Mr. Marriott must be familiar with the same attitude towards the great men, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Balzac, Dickens, etc. It would be silly to denounce such an attitude—we are all guilty of it at times, but it would be worse than silly to encourage it in ourselves and others, since, if we look into it carefully, it either arises from a jaded and surfeited appetite, or is founded on the meanest of all passions, envy. If it is founded on

surfeit, the best remedy is to cease to contemplate art at all for a time, for, as Mr. Wells says, the forms of art should not be dictated by the "tired man with a headache"; but if founded on envy, as it too often is in these times, then we should pray for a better spirit, and worship the power that we cannot emulate.

"People were tired of pictures, except photographs. You can't beat photography on its own lines, so what's the good of trying. Bet that if Michel Angelo came here, you could not get him out of those kinema shows. He'd have the sense to see that painters must do something different, instead of running them down. People want large patterns and bright colours. Same as you see on barges, or on the fronts of travelling shows, or even on the outsides of some of the old pubs. Like that, only better. They'll stand it as good as you like." This criticism is, throughout, extremely superficial. True, "you can't beat photography on its own lines," but to evade such competition by flatly contradicting nature, by doing violence to your own sense of sight and to your own better knowledge, is the climax of absurdity.

It may be that both Sutherland and I are pleading for the same cause, representation instead of imitation. But it seems to me that Sutherland and what he stands for, that is, contemporary criticism and contemporary artistic effort, lay the whole position open to an absurd misunderstanding, because their efforts are based, as I have said, on an avoidance, not on a preference. The assumption appears throughout that beauty is only to be attained by the conscious avoidance of truth. It is open to everybody, therefore, and does not require years of training for the eye and hand, to contradict the truth, not merely those truths which only the "professional eye" can appreciate, but the truths of which the charwoman and the policeman at the corner are aware. Instead of endeavouring to provide those truths, which neither photography nor any other mechanical process is capable of representing, these artists are consciously and affectedly avoiding all truths whatever, and think that therein lies salvation. Having thus avoided and renounced nature in their representations of her, concurrently and inevitably, once they are on this downward path, they avoid and re-

nounce another side of nature, the nature, that is, of the medium they handle. I should never have believed it possible that oil paint, for instance, could by any mishandling have assumed such a forbidding aspect as in recent exhibitions, or have been tortured into shapes so crazy, crippled, or confused.

There is, of course, a nucleus of sanity in all this extravagance. "People," we are told, "are tired of pictures." And in the long run I doubt not that it is salutary for painters to ask of themselves what is their place and their value in this civilisation. Painting, more than any other art, has become unattached, isolated, capricious, and it is no wonder that we ardently wish for a closer communion with our fellows. But despair, as despair, never yet brought good counsel. Painters have been misled into the same tactics as the militant Suffragettes; they imagine it suffices to reinterest the public in their cause, and have not grasped the fact that to antagonise the public is worse policy in the long run than to bore it. If I say that it is not the business of a painter to amuse, it is on no lofty pontifical grounds, but simply because there is no money in it. And I cannot help thinking that many painters have been naïf enough to take their booming friend, the modern Pressman, seriously. Why, of course he is their friend! For the first time since art criticism became part of the daily or weekly fare, it has been doing quite its share in selling the paper. It has actually competed with Crippen cases and the latest divorce scandal. Never before were art critics so full of work, never have they spread themselves out so complacently. Mr. Lewis Hind has stated recently that the eight landscape painters at the Leicester Galleries, "do not stimulate and interest him as do the Grafton group pictures." Why, of course not! The stimulation of Mr. Hind should not be the chief aim of a picture, should not, indeed, weigh one scruple in the artist's endeavour. A fine work of art speaks for itself. A fine landscape by Mark Fisher is utterly baffling, there is nothing whatever to be said about it. Observe too that a great artist who has provided copy in the past in the exuberant, blundering, and trampling period of his youth, ceases to do so when, like Mr. Steer, he has found himself in masterpieces which might bear the proximity of Constable or Turner with equanimity.

Sutherland wants "to make things plain. I am trying to get down to what quite ordinary people feel about things. . . ." And again—"There was a sacrifice, to the trained eye, deliberate, of professional virtues, a desire to make things plain, to get reality, not by accurate representation, but by emphasis upon those characteristics which are felt rather than seen." This, I am convinced, is a quite hopeless attempt. The artist must succeed in feeling about things like the layman before he can succeed in emphasising those characteristics which are felt rather than seen, and the true artist feels only through his eyes. Therefore, if he ceases for a moment striving to his utmost to attain accurate representation, all he gets is *inaccurate* representation, which the layman no more admires or desires than he does himself. "Accurate representation" may perhaps not be the ultimate value of his work, but only by analysing and, as far as is humanly possible, humbly transcribing the visual beauty of the thing seen can he transfer his emotion to others. He cannot descend from his lonely height without the absurdest condescension, which those whom he is striving to placate will be the first to resent. The crudity of the idea of "making things plain," as if all laymen were equally benighted, and would be equally satisfied with a single distorting solution! Men and women differ enormously in their visual impressions of life, so that the attempt to meet the public (not a definite public, composed of certain individuals, but the public in the air) only leads to aberrations from the truth in arbitrary and mutually-destructive directions. If the divergences from the visible truth are to please the farmer they should be other than if they were addressed to the geologist, the banker, the ploughman, the shop-boy or the statesman. Besides, if the artist is to express himself in symbols that are comprehensible at all, he is bound to fall back here and there on his own observation and knowledge, he is bound to preserve some rudiments of drawing and colour. Strive as he will, he must in the end deal with a visible surface, his picture. He cannot, with the best will in the world, go all the way to meet the simple mind which looks at everything subjectively, in classes and categories, not with the eye, but through the eye, and with a host of associations and prejudices which blur and distort. The artist sees

things in the abstract, "Men, as trees, walking," exactly like the blind man who had just received the blessing of sight and saw things for the first time in his life. If he neglects or tries to correct this precious gift, he will succeed in drawing badly or colouring badly, or, at any rate, worse than his abilities permit, but draw he must and colour he must, or drop the pencil and the palette. "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," But these Mahomets compromise matters by going half-way and expecting the mountain to come the other half—and there they stand, looking extremely foolish, whilst the mountain shows no sign of moving.

I am throughout endeavouring to get at the point of view of those who may conceivably be actuated by Sutherland's motive, the "desire to communicate," And it may be that the now essentially aristocratic movements of Cubism, Futurism, etc., arose from that desire and the consequent attempt to formulate a common symbol. If so, the various adepts should have "communicated" first with each other and agreed to publish some text-book with a key, instead of hurling their cryptic canvases in the faces of a consternated public. As it is, one can only conclude that the productions of Mr. Wyndham Lewis or the Italian Schools may be good as metaphysics, Volapuk, or the differential calculus, subjects of which I am not competent to speak, but that they escape condemnation as bad art by not being art at all. Mr. Wyndham Lewis especially shows remarkable ingenuity in describing coloured curves and lines which are not and, I suppose, are not intended to be, decorative, and which at the same time cannot by any effort be resolved into the representation or the slightest suggestion of any visible object. Few have reached such a level of virtuosity, and I remember the shock I received when, among these high achievements in cryptography, I came upon a canvas by another high priest, one portion of which faintly called to mind a bunch of bananas! This artist had been less logical and bold, for one naturally asked, "Why bananas?" And if bananas, why not the rest of the picture, and why not more like bananas? Which, of course, would lead us straight to the degraded realism of Chardin or Fantin. Such artists appear to desire to draw attention not to their own clever-

ness, but to yours in discovering some meaning—I beg pardon, I should say realisation—and I saw several spectators quite pleased with themselves on this and other occasions. Of meaning, of course, there could be no more than in a Chardin or a Fantin. Since bananas, whether well or ill done, are just bananas. All this is as if, being desirous of "communication" with a Frenchman, although speaking French fluently yourself, you were to insist on his speaking Esperanto or Ido, whilst withholding the key, or even not possessing it yourself. The proper medium of communication with a Frenchman *whom you know to be a Frenchman* surely is French.

The notion seems to prevail that the public is not critical, and that, in Mr. Marriott's phrase, it does not appreciate "professional virtues." The trouble with the layman is not that he is uncritical, but that he is *uninterested*, and it seems to me that much of the present work is in the nature of a wild and desperate endeavour to interest him by playing the goat. This may raise a fleeting grin on a vacuous face, but being fundamentally insincere, from its very motive, it can have no permanent influence. Because as a source of amusement painting is hopelessly outclassed by the other arts and above all by life. After all, trees painted magenta and with their roots in the air and green cows cannot compete with George Robey, a bottle of champagne, or a "night out." What is the matter with woman, wine, and song? What is the matter with real sunsets, with nightingales and moonlight, with a Scotch trout stream or Piccadilly Circus?

The interest in paintings comes from the ingenuity, the boldness and grand spirit in which masters, while seizing every possible means of circumventing or adapting limitations, do finally acknowledge limitations, and confess their humanity. But the cowardly spirit of the day which is so ready to acknowledge limitations that it goes to meet them half-way and more, that gratuitously circumscribes itself, results in making the limitations more and more restricted, until at last even the layman revolts, seeing that here is no advance at all, and that the plea that moderns recognise limitations simply means that they recognise them long before they need. The grand art of to-day is the art of

throwing up the sponge. Art should leave something to the imagination, but the paradox is true, that it should only do so when it must, when it comes up against palpable unmistakable barriers. Every great artist enlarges the field, not restricts it. The singular thing is that the restriction of the field in regard to truthful representation has not tended, as one might at first expect, to a greater technical beauty, which would excuse and always has excused a more primitive and naïf vision. On the contrary, never was there such inexcusably ugly pigment to be seen as now. One would think that freed from the trammels of professionalism, and indifferent to the critical eye of the expert, the painter with a less arduous task before him might devote himself entirely to a perfect surface, for instance. But such expectation and the disappointment arising from its non-fulfilment is, when we think it over, not philosophical or wise. Who wants a beautiful surface any more than a truthful representation? It is the *artist* who should want them, and who should and could impose his passion on the public. Only by perpetual effort towards perfection in *both* directions, truth of observation, and beauty of technique, can the painter keep in training. And to my eyes the decline in both is quite awfully apparent. A painter may with some complacency acknowledge himself beaten out of court by the great, but how if Calcott, James Stark, or William Ward put him to shame? These names are not generally held in the first rank, yet no living painter has reached the beauty of the three pictures in the Tate by these quite second-rate painters, the view of Pisa, of Norwich, and of Harlech Castle. We have not reached it because, in my opinion, we are not trying. Such beauty of technique does not come by accident, but from tradition and a lifetime of effort, and you may be sure that smaller men like Stark had to seek the way with tears and agony of spirit. Our complacency and bumptiousness is a thing to marvel at, to laugh at too if we would not weep. "Sutherland's" line is that he will cease to apply the professional test or strive to reach the professional standard, since his work is, after all, to appeal to those who know nothing and care nothing for these tests and standards. "Connoisseurship and virtuosity, and not ignorance, were

the real enemies of art as a means of communication between one human being and another." A quite fatal line, because without the "professional" standard, the artist is left with no standard at all. It is an utter delusion to suppose that common humanity will or can establish a common standard of workmanship with which the artist must conform. Common human emotions have nothing to do with workmanship. You might as well expect common human emotions to produce a Dreadnought or a Daimler. And the irony of it is that the layman will not thank you at all for your condescension. If your picture falls short of just those "professional" qualities, the layman feels at once that something is wrong, though he cannot put his finger on the place. He is apt to be impatient with what seems mere professional jargon, and to call "values" or "quality" mere shibboleths. Yet with a little patience one would undertake to demonstrate what these terms mean, and their indispensability. Examples are more convincing than analysis, and I think most laymen would understand that the "Poringland Oak" has glorious quality. What is not immediately obvious and does require elucidation is that this can only be obtained at some sacrifice of light and colour, that, in short, one cannot combine the high key of Monet with the quality of John Crome. It is the business and the duty of the artist and the critic to point out where problems arise and how they can be met, to continue *as before* instructing the public. And really it is impossible to be patient with the wretched artist who gratuitously debases his eyes and hands, the talents that were given to him to use, not to prostitute. Who asked him to go on the street? Nobody wants him there, where he cuts a lamentable figure. Sutherland's whole process is sophistical, he is putting a fine philosophical gloze on a commercial undertaking. And he goes such a devil of a long way round to achieve it. Put simply, what he wants to do is to please the public, to paint popular pictures. Well, but surely that market is thoroughly catered for and exploited. Sutherland, instead of learning from John Collier, Frank Craig, Dicksee, or whoever the idol of the moment may be (I really do not know now) how to paint popular pictures, reconstructs an ideal composite average

man from the depths of his inner consciousness and aims at him, producing a monster to satisfy a myth. Like other artists I have often rejoiced in the naïf paintings on barges, travelling shows, ice cream vans, etc., but except for a hint here and there, the artist can learn nothing from them, and, above all, he cannot surpass them. He has eaten of the fruit of knowledge, and cannot, strive as he will, desophisticate his eye. The truth is, this desophistication of the eye is a most sophistical proceeding consciously and elaborately fostered in circles that are "pourri" with culture, in the great cities, where every artist cannot help being conscious not only of all contemporary work, but of all the work of the past as well. It is difficult indeed for an artist in these conditions to be himself, but it is obvious that he is not himself when he pretends that he is an ignorant boor. And such an attitude, moreover, is most insulting to the public he desires to cajole or interest. The public is reluctant and slow to yield to a new conviction, but it does in the end yield to a fanatical conviction like Whistler's, for instance, and now every errand boy can see Whistlers when he walks along Chelsea Embankment. As for the public which is fundamentally uninterested, no extravagances or gyrations of a dancing Dervish will move it to anything but a sour grin which lasts only a moment. After a bit, it will turn aside to more exhilarating pastimes. No doubt it will be objected by the cool and cultured bystander that those who, like myself, are inclined to take a gloomy view of all this outburst of swank and nonsense are making too much of a passing phase, of a craze which has only disturbed the froth on the top, leaving the depths still unmoved. This may be true, but surely they are a bad symptom, these feverish oscillations between extremes. Besides, it must be remembered that there is a vast body, not exactly inert, but tending that way, which might, if handled with courage and sincerity, be moved in the right direction, but which, if this nonsense goes on much longer, will be unjust, because encouraged in injustice, to work which is worthy of respect. The ordinary man will say, "Ah well, if painters are all going mad like this, it is beyond me. I am not educated up to it. I like nice pictures, but everybody tells me I show my provincialism when

I express my preferences. Ouf! I will leave it all alone and not bother with them at all." And he shuts his eyes and his purse. And we shall all suffer, those who have joined in the mad whirl as well as those who have soberly plodded on, "*tant bien que mal*," sometimes better, sometimes worse, as things are done in other arts and avocations in this work-a-day world.

The Stratagem

By Aleister Crowley

The fellow-travellers climbed down on to the fiery sand of the platform. It was a junction, a junction of that kind where there is no town for miles, and where the resources of the railway and its neighbourhood compare unfavourably with those of the average quarantine station.

The first to descend was a man unmistakably English. He was complaining of the management even while he extracted his hand baggage from the carriage with the assistance of his companion. "It is positively a disgrace to civilisation," he was saying, "that there should be no connection at such a station as this, an important station, sir, let me tell you, the pivot—if I may use the metaphor—of the branch which serves practically the whole of Muckshire south of the Tream. And we have certainly one hour to wait, and Heaven knows it's more likely to be two, and perhaps three. And, of course, there's not as much as a bar nearer than Fatloam; and if we got there we should find no drinkable whiskey. I say, sir, the matter is a positive and actual disgrace to the railway that allows it, to the country that tolerates it, to the civilisation that permits that such things should be. The same thing happened to me here last year, sir, though luckily on that occasion I had but half-an-hour to wait. But I wrote to *The Times* a strong half-column letter on the subject, and I'm damned if they didn't refuse to print it. Of course, our independent press, etc.; I might have known. I tell you, sir, this country is run by a ring, a dirty ring, a gang of Jews, Scotsmen, Irish, Welsh—where's the good old jolly True Blue Englishman? In the cart, sir, in the cart!"

The train gave a convulsive backward jerk, and lumbered off in imitation of the solitary porter who, stationed opposite the guard's van, had witnessed without emotion the hurling forth of two trunks like rocks from a

volcano, and after a moment's contemplation had, with screwed mouth, mooched along the platform to his grub, which he would find in an isolated cottage some three hundred yards away.

In strong contrast to the Englishman, with his moustache afforesting a whitish face, marked with deep red rings on neck and forehead, his impending paunchiness and his full suit of armour, was the small, active man with the pointed beard whom fate had thrown first into the same compartment, and then into the same hour of exile from all their fellows.

His eyes were astonishingly black and fierce; his beard was grizzled and his face heavily lined and obviously burnt by tropical suns; but that face also expressed intelligence, strength and resourcefulness in a degree which would have made him an ideal comrade in a forlorn hope, or the defence of a desperate village. Across the back of his left hand was a thick and heavy scar. In spite of all this, he was dressed with singular neatness and correctness; which circumstance, although his English was purer than that of his companion in distress, made the latter secretly incline to suspect him of being a Frenchman. In spite of the quietness of his dress and the self-possession of his demeanour, the sombre glitter of those black eyes, pin-points below shaggy eye-brows, inspired the large man with a certain uneasiness. Not at all a chap to quarrel with! was his thought. However, being himself a widely-travelled man —Boulogne, Dieppe, Paris, Switzerland, and even Venice —he had none of that insularity of which foreigners accuse some Englishmen, and he had endeavoured to make conversation during the journey. The small man had proved a poor companion, taciturn to a fault, sparing of words where a nod would satisfy the obligations of courtesy, and seemingly fonder of his pipe than of his fellow-man. A man with a secret, thought the Englishman.

The train had jolted out of the station, and the porter had faded from the landscape. "A deserted spot," remarked the Englishman, whose name was Bevan, "especially in such fearful heat. Really, in the summer of 1911, it was hardly as bad. Do you know, I remember once at Boulogne—" He broke off sharply, for the brown man, sticking the ferrule of his stick repeatedly in the sand,

and knotting his brows, came suddenly to a decision. "What do you know of heat?" he cried, fixing Bevan with the intensity of a demon. "What do you know of desolation?" Taken aback, as well he might be, Bevan was at a loss to reply. "Stay!" cried the other, "What if I told you my story? There is no one here but ourselves." He glared menacingly at Bevan, seemed to seek to read his soul. "Are you a man to be trusted?" he barked, and broke off short.

At another time Bevan would most certainly have declined to become the confidant of a stranger; but here the solitude, the heat, not a little boredom induced by the previous manner of his companion, and even a certain mistrust of how he might take a refusal, combined to elicit a favourable reply.

Stately as an oak, Bevan answered, "I was born an English gentleman, and I trust that I have never done anything to derogate from that estate." "I am a Justice of the Peace," he added after a momentary pause.

"I knew it!" cried the other excitedly. "The trained legal mind is that of all others which will appreciate my story. Swear, then," he went on with sudden gravity, "swear that you will never whisper to any living soul the smallest word of what I am about to tell you! Swear by the soul of your dead mother!"

"My mother is alive," returned Bevan.

"I knew it!" exclaimed his companion, a great and strange look of god-like pity illuminating his sunburnt face. It was such a look as one sees upon many statues of Buddha, a look of divine, of impersonal compassion.

"Then swear by the Lord Chancellor!"

Bevan was more than ever persuaded that the stranger was a Frenchman. However, he readily gave the required promise.

"My name," said the other, "is Duguesclin. Does that tell you my story?" he asked impressively. "Does that convey anything to your mind?"

"Nothing at all."

"I knew it!" said the man from the tropics. "Then I must tell you all. In my veins boils the fiery blood of the greatest of the French warriors, and my mother was the lineal descendant of the Maid of Saragossa."

Bevan was startled, and showed it.

"After the siege, sir, she was honourably married to a nobleman," snapped Duguesclin. "Do you think a man of my ancestry will permit a stranger to lift the shadow of an eyebrow against the memory of my great-grandmother?"

The Englishman protested that nothing had been further from his thoughts.

"I suppose so," proceeded the other more quietly. "And the more, perhaps, that I am a convicted murderer."

Bevan was now fairly alarmed.

"I am proud of it," continued Duguesclin. "At the age of twenty-five my blood was more fiery than it is to-day. I married. Four years later I found my wife in the embraces of a neighbour. I slew him. I slew her. I slew our three children, for vipers breed only vipers. I slew the servants; they were accomplices of the adultery, or if not, they should at any rate not witness their master's shame. I slew the gendarmes who came to take me—servile hirelings of a corrupt republic. I set my castle on fire, determined to perish in the ruins. Unfortunately, a piece of masonry, falling, struck me on the arm. My rifle dropped. The accident was seen, and I was rescued by the firemen. I determined to live; it was my duty to my ancestors to continue the family of which I was the sole direct scion. It is in search of a wife that I am travelling in England."

He paused, and gazed proudly on the scenery, with the air of a Selkirk. Bevan suppressed the obvious comment on the surprising termination of the Frenchman's narrative. He only remarked "Then you were not guillotined?"

"I was not, sir!" retorted the other passionately. "At that time capital punishment was never inflicted in France, though not officially abrogated. I may say," he added, with the pride of a legislator, "that my action lent considerable strength to the agitation which led to its reintroduction.

"No, sir, I was not guillotined. I was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in Devil's Island." He shuddered. "Can you imagine that accursed Isle? Can fancy paint one tithe of its horror? Can nightmare itself shadow that inferno, that limbo of the damned? My language is strong,

sir; but no language can depict that hell. I will spare you the description. Sand, vermin, crocodiles, venomous snakes, miasma, mosquitoes, fever, filth, toil, jaundice, malaria, starvation, foul undergrowth, weedy swamps breathing out death, hideous and bloated trees of poison, themselves already poisoned by their earth, heat unendurable, insufferable, intolerable, unbearable (as the *Daily Telegraph* said at the time of the Dreyfus case), heat continuous and stifling, no breeze but the pestilential stench of the lagoon, heat that turned the skin into a raging sea of irritation to which the very stings of the mosquitoes and centipedes came as a relief, the interminable task of the day beneath the broiling sun, the lash on every slightest infraction of the harsh prison rules, or even of the laws of politeness toward our warders, men only one degree less damned than we ourselves—all this was nothing. The only amusement of the governors of such a place is cruelty; and their own discomfort makes them more ingenious than all the inquisitors of Spain, than Arabs in their religious frenzy, than Burmans and Kachens and Shans in their Buddhist hatred of all living men, than even the Chinese in their cold lust of cruelty. The governor was a profound psychologist; no corner of the mind that he did not fathom, so as to devise a means of twisting it to torture. I remember one of us who took pleasure in keeping his spade bright—it was the regulation that spades must be kept bright, a torture in itself in such a place, where mildew grows on everything as fast almost as snow falls in happier climates. Well, sir, the governor found out that this man took a pleasure in the glint of the sun on the steel, and he forbade that man to clean his spade. A trifle, indeed! What do you know of what prisoners think trifles? The man went raving mad, and for no other reason. It seemed to him that such detailed refinement of cruelty was a final proof of the innate and inherent devilishness of the universe. Insanity is the logical consequence of such a faith. No, sir, I will spare you the description."

Bevan thought that there had already been too much description, and in his complacent English way surmised that Duguesclin was exaggerating, as he was aware that Frenchmen did. But he only remarked that it must have been terrible. He would have given a good deal, now,

to have avoided the conversation. It was not altogether nice to be on a lonely platform with a self-confessed multiple murderer, who had presumably escaped only by a further and extended series of crimes.

"But you ask," pursued Duguesclin, "you ask how I escaped? That, sir, is the story I propose to tell you. My previous remarks have been but preliminary: they have no pertinence or interest, I am aware; but they were necessary, since you so kindly expressed interest in my personality, my family history—heroic (I may claim it) as is the one, and tragic (no one will deny it) as is the other."

Bevan again reflected that his interlocutor must be as bad a psychologist as the governor of Devil's Island was a good one; for he had neither expressed nor felt the smallest concern with either of these matters.

"Well, sir, to my story! Among the convicts there was one universal pleasure, a pleasure that could cease only with life or with the empire of the reason, a pleasure that the governor might (and did) indeed constrict, but could not take away. I refer to hope—the hope of escape. Yes, sir, that spark (alone of all its ancient fires) burnt in this breast—and in that of my fellow-convicts. And in this I did not look so much to myself as to another. I am not endowed with any great intellect," he modestly pursued, "my grandmother was pure English, a Higginbotham, one of the Warwickshire Higginbothams (what has that to do with his stupidity? thought Bevan) and the majority of my companions were men not only devoid of intelligence, but of education. The one pinnacled exception was the great Dodu—ha! you start?" Bevan had not done anything of the sort; he had continued to exhibit the most stolid indifference to the story.

"Yes, you are not mistaken: it was indeed the world-famous philosopher, the discoverer of Dodium, rarest of known elements, supposed only to exist in the universe to the extent of the thirty-thousand and fifth part of a milligramme, and that in the star called γ Pegasi; it was Dodu who had shattered the logical process of obversion, and reduced the quadrangle of oppositions to the condition of the British square at Abu-Klea. So much you know: but this perhaps you did not know, that, although a civilian, he was the greatest strategist of France. It was he who

in his cabinet made the dispositions of the armies of the Ardennes; and the 1890 scheme of the fortifications of Lunéville was due to his genius alone. For this reason the Government were loth to condemn him, though public opinion revolted bitterly against his crime. You remember that, having proved that women after the age of fifty were a useless burden to the State, he had demonstrated his belief by decapitating and devouring his widowed mother. It was consequently the intention of the Government to connive at his escape on the voyage, and to continue to employ him under an assumed name in a flat in an entirely different quarter of Paris. However, the Government fell suddenly; a rival ousted him, and his sentence was carried out with as much severity as if he had been a common criminal.

"It was to such a man (naturally) that I looked to devise a plan for our escape. But rack my brains as I would—my grandmother was a Warwickshire Higginbotham—I could devise no means of getting into touch with him. He must, however, have divined my wishes; for, one day after he had been about a month upon the island (I had been there seven months myself) he stumbled and fell as if struck by the sun at a moment when I was close to him. And as he lay upon the ground he managed to pinch my ankle three times. I caught his glance—he hinted rather than gave me the sign of recognition of the fraternity of Freemasons. Are you a Mason?"

"I am Past Provincial Deputy Grand Sword-Bearer of this province," returned Bevan. "I founded Lodge 14,883, 'Boetic' and Lodge 17,212, 'Colenso,' and I am Past Grand Haggai in my Provincial Grand Chapter."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Duguesclin enthusiastically.

Bevan began to dislike this conversation exceedingly. Did this man—this criminal—know who he was? He knew he was a J.P., that his mother was alive, and now his Masonic dignities. He distrusted this Frenchman more and more. Was the story but a pretext for the demand of a loan? The stranger looked prosperous, and had a first-class ticket. More likely a blackmailer: perhaps he knew of other things—say that affair at Oxford—or the incident of the Edgware Road—or the matter of Esmé Holland. He determined to be more than ever on his guard.

"You will understand with what joy," continued Duguesclin, innocent or careless of the sinister thoughts which occupied his companion, "I received and answered this unmistakable token of friendship. That day no further opportunity of intercourse occurred, but I narrowly watched him on the morrow, and saw that he was dragging his feet in an irregular way. Ha! thought I, a drag for long, an ordinary pace for short. I imitated him eagerly, giving the Morse letter A. His alert mind grasped instantly my meaning; he altered his code (which had been of a different order) and replied with a Morse B on my own system. I answered C; he returned D. From that moment we could talk fluently and freely as if we were on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in our beloved Paris. However, conversation in such circumstances is a lengthy affair. During the whole march to our work he only managed to say, 'Escape soon—please God.' Before his crime he had been an atheist. I was indeed glad to find that punishment had brought repentance."

Bevan himself was relieved. He had carefully refrained from admitting the existence of a French Freemason; that one should have repented filled him with a sense of almost personal triumph. He began to like Duguesclin, and to believe in him. His wrong had been hideous; if his vengeance seemed excessive and even indiscriminate, was not he a Frenchman? Frenchmen do these things! And after all Frenchmen were men. Bevan felt a great glow of benevolence; he remembered that he was not only a man, but a Christian. He determined to set the stranger at his ease.

"Your story interests me intensely," said he. "I sympathise deeply with you in your wrongs and in your sufferings. I am heartily thankful that you have escaped, and I beg you to proceed with the narration of your adventures."

Duguesclin needed no such encouragement. His attitude, from that of the listless weariness with which he had descended from the train, had become animated, sparkling, fiery; he was carried away by the excitement of his passionate memories.

"On the second day Dodu was able to explain his mind. 'If we escape, it must be by stratagem,' he signalled. It

was an obvious remark: but Dodu had no reason to think highly of my intelligence. 'By *stratagem*,' he repeated with emphasis.

"'I have a plan,' he continued. 'It will take twenty-three days to communicate, if we are not interrupted; between three and four months to prepare; two hours and eight minutes to execute. It is theoretically possible to escape by air, by water, or by earth. But as we are watched day and night, it would be useless to try to drive a tunnel to the mainland: we have no aeroplanes or balloons, or means of making them. But if we could once reach the water's edge, which we must do in whatever direction we set out if we only keep in a straight line, and if we can find a boat unguarded, and if we can avoid arousing the alarm, then we have merely to cross the sea, and either find a land where we are unknown or—disguise ourselves and our boat and return to Devil's Island as shipwrecked mariners. The latter idea would be foolish. You will say that the Governor would know that Dodu would not be such a fool; but more, he would know also that Dodu would not be such a fool as to try to take advantage of that circumstance; and he would be right, curse him!' It implies the intensest depth of feeling to curse in the Morse code with one's feet—ah! how we hated him!

"Dodu explained to me that he was telling me these obvious things for several reasons: (1) to gauge my intelligence by my reception of them, (2) to make sure that if we failed it should be by my stupidity and not by his neglect to inform me of every detail, (3) because he had acquired the professorial habit as another man might have the gout.

"Briefly, however, this was his plan; to elude the guards, make for the coast, capture a boat, and put to sea. Do you understand? Do you get the idea?"

Bevan replied that it seemed to him the only possible plan.

"A man like Dodu," pursued Duguesclin, "takes nothing for granted. He leaves no precaution untaken: in his plans, if chance be an element, it is an element whose value is calculated to twenty-eight places of decimals.

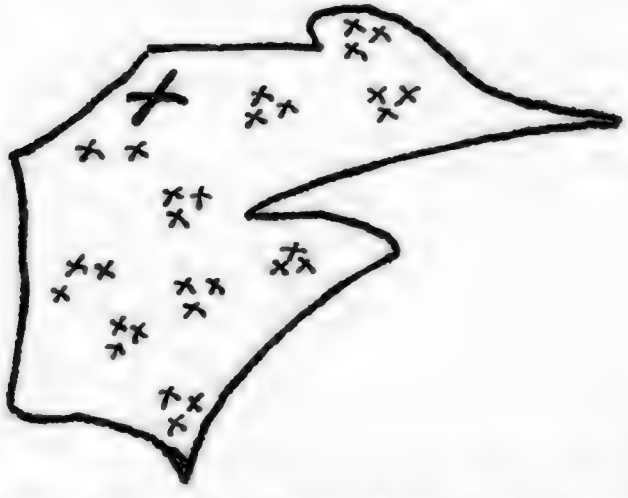
"But hardly had he laid down these bold outlines of his scheme when interruption came. On the fourth day of our intercourse he signalled only 'Wait. Watch me'

again and again. In the evening he manœuvred to get to the rear of the line of convicts, and only then dragged out 'There is a traitor, a spy. Henceforth I must find a new means of communicating the details of my plan. I have thought it all out. I shall speak in a sort of rebus, which not even you will be able to understand unless you have all the pieces—and the key. Mind you engrave upon your memory every word I say.'

"The following day: 'Do you remember the taking of the old mill by the Prussians in '70? My difficulty is that I must give you the skeleton of the puzzle, which I can't do in words. But watch the line of my spade and my heelmarks, and take a copy.'

"I did this with the utmost minuteness of accuracy and obtained this figure. At my autopsy," said Duguesclin, dramatically, "this should be found engraved upon my heart."

He drew a notebook from his pocket, and rapidly sketched the subjoined figure for the now interested Bevan.



"You will note that the figure has eight sides, and that twenty-seven crosses are disposed in groups of three, while in one corner is a much larger and thicker cross and two smaller crosses not so symmetrical. This group represents the element of chance; and you will at least gain a hint of the truth if you reflect that eight is the cube of two, and twenty-seven of three."

Bevan looked intelligent.

"On the return march," continued Duguesclin, "Dodu said, 'The spy is on the watch. But count the letters in the name of Aristotle's favourite disciple.' I guessed (as he intended me to do) that he did not mean Aristotle. He wished to suggest Plato, and so Socrates; hence I counted A-L-C-I-B-I-A-D-E-S=10, and thus completely baffled the spy for that day. The following day he rapped out 'Rahu' very emphatically, meaning that the next lunar eclipse would be the proper moment for our evasion, and spent the rest of the day in small talk, so as to lull the suspicions of the spy. For three days he had no opportunity of saying anything, being in the hospital with fever. On the fourth day: 'I have discovered that spy is a damned swine of an opium-smoking lieutenant from Toulon. We have him: he doesn't know Paris. Now then: draw a line from the Gare de l'Est to the Etoile; erect an equilateral triangle on that line. Think of the name of the world-famous man who lives at the apex.' (This was a touch of super-genius, as it forced me to use the English alphabet for the basis of the cipher, and the spy spoke no language but his own, except a little Swiss.) 'From this time I shall communicate in a cipher of the direct additive numerical order, and the key shall be his name.'

"It was only my incomparably strong constitution which enabled me to add the task of deciphering his conversation to that imposed by Government. To memorise perfectly a cipher communication of half-an-hour is no mean feat of mnemonics, especially when the deciphered message is itself couched in the obscurest symbolism. The spy must have thought his reason in danger if he succeeded in reading the hieroglyphs which were the mere pieces of the puzzle of the master-thinker. For instance, I would get this message: owhmomdvvtxskzvgcqxzllhtrejrgscpxjrmsgausrg whbdxzldabe, which, when deciphered (and the spy would gnash his teeth every time Dodu signalled a W!), only meant: 'The peaches of 1761 are luminous in the gardens of Versailles.'

"Or again: 'Hunt: the imprisoned Pope: the Pompadour: the Stag and Cross.' 'The men of the fourth of September; their leader divided by the letters of the Victim of the Eighth of Thermidor.' 'Crillon was unfortunate that day, though braver than ever.'

"Such were the indications from which I sought to piece together our plan of escape!

"Perhaps rather by intuition than by reason, I gathered from some two hundred of such clues that the guards Betrand, Rolland, and Monet had been bribed, and also promised advancement, and (above all) removal from the hated Island, should they connive at our escape. It seemed that the Government had still use for its first strategist. The eclipse was due some ten weeks ahead, and needed neither bribe nor promise. The difficulty was to ensure the presence of Betrand as sentinel in our corridor, Rolland at the ring-fence, and Monet at the outposts. The chances against such a combination at the eclipse were infinitesimal, 99,487,306,294,236,873,489 to 1. It would have been madness to trust to luck in so essential a matter. Dodu set to work to bribe the Governor himself. This was unfortunately impossible; for (*a*) no one could approach the governor even by means of the intermediary of the bribed guards, (*b*) the offence for which he had been promoted to the governorship was of a nature unpardonable by any Government. He was in reality more a prisoner than ourselves, (*c*) he was a man of immense wealth, assured career, and known probity.

"I cannot now enter into his history, which you no doubt know in any case. I will only say that it was of such a character that these facts (of so curiously contradictory appearance—on the face of it) apply absolutely. However, the tone of confidence which thrilled in Dodu's messages, 'Pluck grapes in Burgundy: press vats in Cognac: ha!' 'The soufflé with the nuts in it is ready for us by the Seine,' and the like, showed me that his giant brain had not only grappled with the problem, but solved it to his satisfaction. The plan was perfect: on the night of the eclipse those three guards would be on duty at such and such gates: Dodu would tear his clothes into strips, bind and gag Betrand, come and release me. Together we should spring on Rolland, take his uniform and rifle and leave him bound and gagged. We should then dash for the shore, do the same with Monet, and then, dressed in their uniforms, take the boat of an octopus-fisher, row to the harbour, and ask in the name of the governor for the use of his steam yacht to chase an escaped fugitive. We should then steam into

the track of ships and set fire to the yacht, so as to be 'rescued' and conveyed to England, whence we could arrange with the French Government for rehabilitation.

"Such was the simple yet subtle plan of Dodu. Down to the last detail was it perfected—until one fatal day.

"The spy, stricken by yellow fever, dropped suddenly dead in the fields before the noon 'Cease work' had sounded. Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, Dodu strode across to me and said, at the risk of the lash: 'The whole plan which I have explained to you in cipher these last four months is a blind. That spy knew all. His lips are sealed in death. I have another plan, the real plan, simpler and surer. I will tell it to you to-morrow.'"

The whistle of an approaching engine interrupted this tragic episode of the adventures of Duguesclin.

"'Yes,' said Dodu (continued the narrator), 'I have a better plan. I have a *stratagem.* I will tell it you to-morrow.'"

The train which was to carry the narrator and his hearer to Mudchester came round the corner.

"That morrow," glowered Duguesclin, "that morrow never came. The same sun that slew the spy broke the great brain of Dodu; that very afternoon, a gibbering maniac, they thrust him in the padded room, never again to emerge!"

The train drew up at the platform of the little junction. He almost hissed in Bevan's face.

"It was not Dodu at all," he screamed, "it was a common criminal, an epileptic; he should never have been sent to Devil's Island at all. He had been mad for months. His messages had no sense at all: it was a cruel practical joke!"

"But how," said Bevan, getting into his carriage and looking back, "how did you escape in the end?"

"By a stratagem," replied the Irishman, and jumped into another compartment.

Feathers

By Norman Douglas

THIS "Plumage Bill," and the state of affairs that has led to it, gives one food for reflection. Only think: in 1909, and on one single island, were slaughtered 300,000 sea birds for the plume-trade; in June, 1913, plumage was sold representing 77,000 egrets, 25,000 humming-birds, 162,000 kingfishers, 22,000 exotic pigeons. . . . What a cloud of feathers! And all for the adornment of humanity—instead of the adornment of their natural proprietors.

Now some things can be multiplied to any extent, such as cabbages or cats or canaries. No danger of extirpation in their case. But humming-birds, for instance, are exactly like elephants: prudish creatures who have an early-Victorian horror of publicity in domestic matters. They will not mate in confinement. Whenever we want a fresh elephant or humming-bird, it is no use looking in the stables or poultry-yard; we must penetrate into the jungle. So gradually their numbers become reduced, and if this wholesale massacre goes on, there will soon be no humming-birds left. Which, by the way, is not altogether our fault, for I am sure the experiment of artificial breeding has been loyally tried, in their case. There it is, however, and hence the Plumage Bill. There is certainly something to be said for this (biological) aspect of the question. We should try to hand down to our descendants a fauna and flora as rich as we can; it will amuse their children, and give their professors a chance of distinguishing themselves.

But all this talk about not destroying birds "on account of their beauty" is the usual bunkum. At least, let us hope it is; for it would be discreditable to admit that our hearts only bleed for what happens to be pretty. As a matter of fact, we destroy beautiful things all day long, and remain uncommonly fine fellows for all that. Humming-birds look nice in England (on ladies' hats, or elsewhere),

but the average resident in the tropics glances at them for the first day or two after his arrival and thinks them rather quaint; then promptly forgets their existence. Which does not mean, of course, that they are therefore to be slaughtered; it only means that we are hypocritical sentimentalists. And the gush about cruelty is also rather Anglo-Saxon. How about stag-hunting? If you want to alleviate cruelty, you can do so within five miles of Charing Cross—cruelty more poignant than that inflicted upon all the humming-bird and egret tribes rolled into one.

All cruelty is damnable, and everything should be done that can possibly tend to mitigate it. But the true enthusiast has no sense of proportion. Rather than use his eyes at home, he will write folios to prove the outrageous atrocities perpetrated upon the poor ostriches, whose tail-feathers ought to be plucked out (if at all) with tweezers disinfected on Listerian principles, their denuded posteriors being then anointed with antiseptic lanoline, and a temporary hot-water bottle applied to the part. That is the worst of your humanitarian male—he resembles a runaway camel: once started on his "mission," you never know where he will stop. And that is why Lambeth bores him and why he prefers to talk about herons' plumes—it's so much more piquant; you can be original about a heron, but as to Lambeth, that is an old, old story—besides, is it not written in the Bible that "the poor ye have always with you"?

So be it. Let us discourse of herons.

Why don't we eat them? Because they taste rather nasty. Otherwise, naturally enough, we should devour them like any other of those "big" birds which do not indulge in the somewhat over-rated twittering performances of the lesser ones.

"Those disgusting Frenchmen! They actually eat small birds."

"And why not?"

"Because they sing. It's downright cruel to kill them; we like to hear their warblings; it makes us feel so comfortable inside. But big birds are meant to be eaten. Cruelty be blowed! They can't sing."

Yet, when one comes to think of it, a bird lasts longer

as an ornament than as food. Fashions may change, but a heron-trimming will probably survive an entire season—the pride of its wearer, the envy of her friends; whereas a quail *en casserole* is "come to-day—gone to-morrow," and the place thereof knoweth it no more. In other words, a hat is a more enduring habitation than a stomach.

And *à propos* of quails, does the civilised Englishman who engulfs half a cartload of them each season ever bother his head about how they came to reach his table? Does he think of the nets spread in the breeding-season over an area of many thousand square miles; the deserted young; the myriads of disabled birds with broken wings and legs, tied up in potato-sacks and waiting to be plucked—as often as not—*alive*; the awful sea-voyage of the survivors, packed like sardines in narrow boxes and overhauled, once a day, with a view to removing those that have stupidly died of thirst or starvation; the subterranean feeding on arrival, to make them fit for the market; the decoy-birds on the spot meanwhile, in cages (so small, that they cannot even turn round) under the glowing desert sun, their eyes burnt out with red-hot skewers, and calling day and night their fancied mates to ever-fresh torture and destruction—does he think of these and other horrors of the quail trade? Not likely! But I know something about it, and make bold to say that there are more concentrated beastlinesses practised in a single quail-season than during fifty generations of egret-life.

But the egret is not eatable, and that makes a considerable difference. Furthermore, it's a pretty fowl, an exotic; see? We must not neglect the warm regions of the globe; we must accustom ourselves to "think imperially." Never mind Lambeth—the Putumayo Indians are much more to the point. The egret is a tropical beast, with a resplendent plume; whereas the vulgar quail—

"Damn it, man, can't you understand? Quails don't sit on the fences and chirp at you, like the jolly cock robin. There's the long and short of it. I like a fat quail; and so do you, you double-distilled fraud. What's more, I'll bet you ten to one God created them to be eaten. Surely you remember that story in the Gospels about the manna and the quails, when the Pharisees lost their bearings at Babylon? Well then: shut up. Don't try to put me off

my victuals! Bring me a quail that sings like a blackbird, and tastes like a cormorant, and lives in Venezuela. And O! it must sport a green rump, or a blue hump, or some other funny freak: *you* know. Then wait and see if I don't kick up the hell of a row about cruelty."

Whatever one may think of God's intentions in regard to the quail-industry, there is no doubt that he created the feathers of other birds to be worn on human heads and hats. Not the slightest doubt about it; the *consensus gentium* hypothesis applies here. For this feather-wearing trait is no new fad on the part of our ladies; not at all, at all. It is extremely ancient, and was indulged in by the males, so long as these had any good conceit of themselves. Their wholesome self-respect has now evaporated, and the feathers have gone with it: the female sex has usurped both. And not only very ancient, but wide-spread in its geographical distribution; practically universal. You will find feathers worn in every land, and in every age; so much so that a teleologist might well argue—and probably has done so, ere now—that decorative birds were providentially created to decorate mankind.

But I am not a teleologist—at the present moment. I prefer not to be hampered by any facts, when the theoretical mood is on. Therefore, let me squeeze some philosophy out of a certain feather I saw last summer; a feather fraught with meaning; a pregnant feather. . . .

Pleasant are the vales of merry England with their sense of immemorial order, their farmsteads, their slumberous elms and meadows, and the sunshine streaming down upon all this drowsily verdant bliss. And pleasant is the rural fragrance of kine and flowers!

So I thought, sauntering along; when suddenly my nostrils were assailed by another kind of scent; an effluvium, a stench—indescribably nauseating. One's first idea, under such circumstances, is to turn tail and run. But there is a stronger impulse of dark origin which prompts us to investigate the *ne plus ultra* of anything, even of foul emanations. In obedience to this obscure instinct, I followed the trail (no difficult matter!) and soon found myself confronted by an enormous accumulation of refuse; bones and fetid rags that sent forth a pungent odour. A

miniature mountain of filthy material had been dumped down in this charming landscape, for reasons best known to those in authority; it was an abominable eye-sore, covering the extent of half-a-dozen houses.

What were the rag and bone merchants doing, I wondered, to allow such a waste? For the last few weeks they had been howling at the new regulations imposed on them —howling to the effect that if these manifold injustices are not repealed, there will be an end of their trade which, in London alone, with its five hundred central businesses, turns over a good million a year. Bones fetch 2*s.* 6*d.* a cwt. Here were tons of them! And bottles, and papers, and rags ("sorted wool" is paid 20*s.* per cwt. in the rag-trade), and boots, and tin cans; all precious commodities and all clamouring, as loudly as eye and nose could hear, to be straightway transformed into fresh combinations.

Well, I never attempted to solve the problem whence this noisome *débris* came, or why nobody dreamt of putting it to some commercial use; one likes to leave an air of secrecy hanging about things. All I can say is that a countryman, who happened to be passing, volunteered something about "London 'orspitals" which, if true, might explain matters. But what really interested me was to observe that this gigantic muck-heap was inhabited—not only by swarms of brazenly impudent rats, but by human beings. Yes; a man and his wench had excavated themselves a dwelling here, an undeniable "home," partially embedded in the putrid mass and patched together with rags and other local effects. Talk about Tudor England, or Druidical England, or England of the Quaternary period! Those neolithic folks, at least, enjoyed fresh air; one imagines them throwing the sucked-out marrow-bones of their grandmothers to a respectable distance from the cave-entrance. But this primordial couple were not so squeamish. The simple life. . . .

Nor have I tried to discover what tempted them to take up their pestilential domicile; there are mysteries best left unplumbed. Maybe they performed some unholy but not unprofitable rites at midnight; brooding like alchemists over a witches' cauldron, and extracting from their savoury environment the elixir of life, or radium, or invalids' food

—who can tell? Here they sprawled, at all events; in what one might think the deepest debasement to which humanity can sink. Yet the woman wore an ornamental feather in her hat, a protest—so to speak—against untoward circumstances; a triumphant yea-saying to life. And glancing within, I detected a couch, some shining crockery, a rude table and one or two attempts at ornamentation, incongruously deliberate, which reminded me of those Bower-birds whose archaic notions of beauty you may study at the Natural History Museum.

Altogether, there are any amount of parallelisms to be drawn between the human and the animal sense of what looks beautiful or feels pleasant. The exuberant tail of the lyre-bird: does it not correspond to our ladies' Court trains, or those of wedding-gowns? Our complicated *coiffures à la Maintenon* and the feather head-dress of savage chiefs have their counterpart in the erectile crests of many kinds of beasts. The nuptial dances of lapwings clearly represent our quadrilles or tango; the aerial gyrations of crows at the mating season may be put down to "pubescent insanity"; the combats of the ruff suggest mediæval tournaments; the call-notes of many birds are analogous to our serenades or pet names. We know the Hottentot's ideal of beauty—we revived it in European guise, not long ago, when "bustles" came into fashion: well, quite a number of animals have the same posterior adornments and enlargements. The scent glands of goats and musk-deer are crude but efficient substitutes for patchouli, etc.; the wattles of gallinaceous birds replace our ear-rings and brooches; their combs are equivalent to diamond tiaras or tortoise-shell contrivances; the "instrumental music" of snipe and grasshoppers—what is it but a Jews' harp? Some fowls have bare patches on their throat: this is their idea of wearing a low-necked dress; they strut about at certain seasons, and so do we, when inflamed with amatory or other kinds of self-importance. "Proud as a peacock" . . . . You can trace these curious parallelisms in the smallest details. Quite a number of animals, from monkeys to fish, adorn their orbital regions with dark tints which heighten their beauty; just like ourselves, who improve our eye-lashes for the same purpose.

Other beasts have what they call gular folds: these are man's frills and ruffles. Our tattooings have the closest analogy with the weirdly-tinted facial ridges of the mandrill.

Darwin explained most of these things by his theory of sexual selection. He would say, for instance, that the brilliant red or blue or yellow colours on the breasts of certain "higher animals" are due to the cumulative effects of female preferences. They, and the songs, and the antics, and the crests have been developed because the females liked to see them. If this theory is not yet rejected, I can help to push it overboard. Lizards, for example, are higher animals, intermediate between birds and fishes, and the males of many of them are tinted blue and yellow and red on the lower surfaces, especially at the breeding season. But how is the female to observe these charms? Lizards are not only absurdly ticklish on their stomachs; they have a positive horror of displaying that part of their anatomy; I defy anyone to tell me that he has ever seen a lizard lying voluntarily on its back. So the female of the blue-throated warbler and stickleback fish may admire these embellishments; but for the lizard a different cause must be invoked to explain identity of effect. No. Sexual Selection is the purest anthropomorphism. The multitudinous "secondary sexual characters" are merely outlets for physical vigour; their beauty (such as it is) denotes nothing but racial prosperity.

All of which has an immediate bearing on the Plumage Bill. For if, as our legislators seem to think, ladies' feathers could be discarded without detriment to their personal *morale*, I would also cry: Down with them! But this is not the case. They correspond to a primal need of expression; they are indicative of functional purposes. Will you have the proof? Widows depress their feathers; they assume a temporary cap, and only after a certain period is the affirmative symbol re-installed; in old age, again, when life's main purpose has been achieved (or not), the feather-crests are permanently doffed. And, of course, it is no use saying "let them wear cheap feathers!" These ornaments must be rare and costly; this is essential; for otherwise they would not show what they are unconsciously

designed to show, namely, that they are the result of a strong effort—a striving such as is not undertaken without a correspondingly strong physiological motive. That is why expensive egret's plumes, and not the equally pretty pheasant's neck, are chosen; that is why they prefer diamonds to the elegant but common amber or amethyst (if they only knew how cheap diamonds were . . . . but they don't! We are not going to flood the market). A compelling organic need lies at the bottom of these apparently frivolous extravagances.

Perhaps our law-givers are not so blind as we think them. For it is obvious that this measure may have been carefully thought out—a subtle device on the part of distracted politicians for reducing female vitality; a tranquillising expedient, calculated to produce the same effects as a course of iodides. *Let's take down their feathers a bit, and see if we cannot put a stop to this epidemic of window-breaking.*

The citizen of the other sex, meanwhile, looks on with yearning approbation at these displays of resourceful activity. He remembers the days when he, too, wore plumes and ruffs—the days of Elizabeth; the days when Englishmen still counted for something in the world. He thinks of Henry VIII.: Here was a man who got all the wives and everything else he wanted, and just look at his feathers and diamonds!

Only the Beefeaters and the military still keep up something of the old traditions. The ordinary male has lost his vigour and the outward emblems of manhood; he has degenerated into a servile nonentity, harassed by his women-folk and crushed by a thousand imaginary "calls" of duty. He can find no time to decorate himself in the good old style. "So much more practical, you know": that is the formula whereby he apologises for his drab clothing, the effacement of his individuality, his dejection and general insignificance in the Cosmos. The self-torturing old humbug! Or else he sagely remarks: "Only the Mohawk Indians and other wild races continue to wear feathers and bangles and buckles. Our wives and children are still pleased to adorn themselves in this primeval fashion, but, so far as the males of civilised nations are concerned, these are obsolete assertions of valour: a mani-

festation of virility which we have left behind us, in the march of culture."

The Mohawk Indians: ha, ha! *An obsolete manifestation of virility*.... ha, ha, ha!! Don't you wish you had it.

Of course, if you are a metaphysician, you can interpret these feather-plumes along the lines of Lotze. He will tell you that our top-hats are merely signs of their possessors striving to enlarge the sphere of their personal domination; that the kingly crown, with its spiky protuberances (that radiate into infinity) is a more successful endeavour in the same direction; that plumes on hats are due to the identical stimulus—an attempt at self-aggrandisement—the superabundant vital energy breaking out, as it were, from its bodily prison. It amounts to the same thing as my naturalistic explanation. These ornaments betray an aboriginal impulse of vigour.

Such being the case, the Plumage Bill will be viewed with some distrust—if we mean to keep our ladies cheerful and alert and high-spirited. For this robbery of their feathers—not pretty feathers, mind you, but rare ones: egret's plumes and so forth: that is the point—this robbery is tantamount to a mutilation. We are treating woman in the same way that the plume-hunter treats the egret, we are taking away from her a certain something that has become bound up with her individuality and to which she may claim a title on the grounds of a usage uncontested through immemorial ages. On the other hand, the hat-trimmings unquestionably belonged to the birds in the first instance, and the proposed measure—quite apart from its humanitarian aspects—is a decent act of restitution and a credit to mankind. What's to be done?

It is no use pointing out defects, if we are not ready with a remedy; the least thing we can do is to propose a substitute for feathers. Tattooings, perhaps. . . . There is something to be said for the notion. . . . But this form of embellishment is open to two grave objections, seeing that fashions are liable to change. It is awkward (firstly) to have to spend three months in some sylvan retreat, as did an unconventional lady of my acquaintance, courageously eliminating one's tattooings with the help of chemical acids; and (secondly), if you lack this heroic

courage, to be reminded that your tattooings date from a year when, according to what you have given your dearest enemies to understand, you were not yet born.

In this dilemma, and after mature deliberation, I suggest nose-rings. Vitality and good taste can be expressed just as well in a nose-ring as in a feather; and it matters not in the least which part of the body is ornamented, so long as that ornament is allowed to blossom with due ancestral recklessness. And there is no limit to the possible exuberances of nose-rings. Barbaric? Why, of course they are. That is no inconvenience; quite the reverse. Only a fool will deny the charm of neo-barbarisms; society, good society, is saturated with them. In fact, there are endless advantages attached to the adoption of my idea. It would give the herons time to sit down and hatch a belated egg; it would give us men something to look at, and to talk about, on certain occasions. And then —we are always cackling about the unemployed, and lamenting, for example, that this Plumage Bill will put out of work 600 persons, mostly girls. Mostly girls! The nose-ring industry, once started, will employ thousands of skilled artisans; there will be nose-rings of bronze and iron and jade and ivory and gold—Gothic nose-rings and Renaissance ones—heart-shaped or oval or round—engraved and smooth; nose-rings for children, with sweet-tinkling silver bells attached; yachting nose-rings; golfing nose-rings (of leather, with a pendant cabochon emerald); nose-rings for presentation at Court, of blue enamel (to match the wearer's eyes) and encrusted with pearls. . . . Futurist nose-rings. . . . It makes one dizzy to think of their potentialities. If only some intelligent Duchess would set the example!

The militant suffragettes, maybe, will not wear them. Another advantage. We should then know whom not to offend by antediluvian displays of chivalry, when we thought of rising from our seats in a crowded railway compartment. Or, if they succumb to the temptation—how useful in a scuffle with the police! "Now, Miss, none of your biting and kicking, or else—" (moving his hand ominously upwards).

Their protective uses must not be overlooked. (Scene: Hampstead Heath.)—

"'Ere, Sally, orf with that blamed nose-ring!"

"'Oo d'ye tike me for?"

Certain stimulative aspects of the nose-ring are also worth considering. (Scene: an old-fashioned conservatory.)—

"*Enfin seuls!*"

"Which is to say—?"

"Which is to say. . . . I say, Edith, do remove that thing. Just half a minute."

"Charlie, you impatient boy!"

"Well, but hang it all! It's awfully pretty and all that; still, there are moments—"

"Wait till after supper."

And next day you might read, in the columns of the *Morning Post:*

"Lost last night, in taxicab between Richmond and Golders Green, a lady's nose-ring. . . ."

But the chiefest inducement to buy nose-rings is that they will compare very favourably with an egret-plume in the matter of price. They are sure to be much dearer.

I have lingered so long over lizards and nose-rings that I cannot now show in detail, as I hoped to do by the example of that ferociously sordid rural dame, how honour can be maintained by means of a feather, even under the most adverse conditions of life—even when living in a refuse-heap. And *ergo*, possibly, produced by a feather. This was to have been the central theme: how to attain honour (both internal and external) by prehistoric but perfectly reliable methods. The conclusion would have breathed a whispered word, a hint of human comfort, to our disheartened modern male to the effect that he should forthwith put a feather in his cap and *call himself macaroni*; other people will probably assume that he came to possess it by legitimate means.

And if so, there is no knowing what may happen. He may yet take us all in, as did Henry VIII. He may yet screw up sufficient courage to batter a plate-glass window or the cranium of a suffragette, according to whatever form his new-born masculinity takes. This is his way, the only way, out of the Slough of Despond. For feathers beget self-esteem; and self-esteem, duly stimulated, begets quite

a crowd of nice things—earthly prosperity and company directorships and a tomb in the Abbey and a reserved seat in Paradise. . . . what more do you want?

Handsome does as handsome dresses. That is the moral of feathers, a moral which would have been elaborated *con amore*, but for the miscalculation aforesaid. Another day! I will only add that I have lately re-visited the scene of my summer ramble and found everything unchanged except the smell, which had somewhat abated, owing to the cold weather.

And thank God for that.

POSTSCRIPT.—It stands to reason that the whereabouts of this particular smell cannot be revealed—wild horses would not drag the name of the locality from me. I will not have the last little bit of Old England exploited by a *Star* man pottering about with his Kodak and writing it up for the delectation of a pseudo-civilised public. I will not have my cave-wench ruined by hordes of sympathetic ladies, deluging her with thimbles and embroidered pillow-cases and grand pianos. Not if I know it.

The New Spirit in Portugal

By Lady Muir Mackenzie

PORTUGAL has of late been the subject of much thought in England. Have we not attended public meetings in connection with Portuguese political prisoners, and have we not met with many references to our old-time friend in magazine articles and in the daily Press? I happened to spend some time this winter in the Island of Madeira, an outlying province of Portugal. Feeling sympathetic towards the reform party in Portugal, I determined to see something of their work.

Madeira is generally thought of as a flower-clad island where one's elderly relations go to spend the winter. As a business centre, however, it is not without importance, and has many possibilities of further growth. I had plenty of leisure, during many weeks residence, to note that under the go-ahead policy of the party now in power, Madeira is likely to develop in numerous directions.

I realised vividly that there is more than one side to every question, on reading two articles on Portuguese problems about the same time. One of these appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for January last, and was entitled, "Portugal, the Nightmare Republic," and the second, by Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, appeared in the *Literary Guide* of February 1st, under the heading, "More about Lisbon." Francis McCullagh, the writer of the first-mentioned article, certainly succeeded in being very amusing at the expense of his neighbour, but Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, in her more sympathetic handling of Portuguese difficulties, carried to my mind the greater conviction.

I read Mr. McCullagh's words while, so to speak, a guest in the land of Portugal, and a sense of chivalry made me regret that an Englishman should be the author of such a harsh and gloomy pronouncement. Is it the part of a friend to jeer at a neighbouring family when they are

struggling to emerge from a cataclysm. Why not say an encouraging word—extend a sympathetic hand? Our interest in Portugal is of long standing, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle pointed out, in his presidential speech, at the Westminster Palace Hotel on February 6th, at a meeting to urge the granting of a general amnesty to all Portuguese political prisoners. We had, he said, interfered again and again in the affairs of Portugal. In 1847, had not Lord Palmerston urged an amnesty for Portuguese political prisoners? Now, in 1914, said Sir Arthur, the time had again come when England could help her old ally to put her troubled household in order, not in any mood of angry partisanship, but in the most sincere spirit of goodwill. In these words Sir Arthur helps us to see our duty to the Portuguese. The time seems ripe to endeavour to estimate what the new spirit in Portugal is worth, instead of continuing to talk about a "Nightmare Republic." The doctrine set forth in Mr. McCullagh's article might be disregarded, were it not for the host of eager disciples it produced. It was swallowed whole by the numerous English visitors who found their way to Madeira this winter. Did one of these detractors of the Republic trouble to see anything for themselves? Yet right in the midst of the town of Funchal was a symbol for all to read, namely, the rapidly-disappearing walls of the old prison. It is a curious and eloquent fact that during the *thirty* years preceding the Revolution, the municipal corporation of Funchal had been studying and discussing the ways and means of removing the prison from its undesirable position in the centre of the town. It took only three years for the Republican party to overcome red-tape difficulties, and to-day the new prison stands on a breezy hill-side overlooking the sea. I found when I visited the prison the last word in modern sanitation. White glazed tiles shone resplendent, and sweet breezes found their way to every corner. Stern discipline is not so apparent as in our English prisons, and a humanitarian is grateful to see a touch of gentler feeling. The prisoners are not kept in separate cells; they are allowed to work at a trade, and they certainly do not look so unhappy and dejected as English prisoners. All Portuguese prisons will thus be modernised as circumstances permit by the new party whose misfortune it was

to inherit, and not to invent, an out-of-date penal system.

Though the article in the *Nineteenth Century* is only a few months old, it is almost out of date. Now that the political prisoners are all at liberty, a new chapter has commenced in Portuguese history. The animus against clericalism is not so violent as at first, and the law of separation of Church and State is being revised by Parliament with a view of removing its more rigorous dispositions. Possibly the pendulum is in danger of swinging too far in the opposite direction. Has not Portugal suffered over long under the sway of a degraded priesthood? Mr. McCullagh announces that hundreds of Catholic clergymen in Portugal live openly immoral lives. He refers to their schism with Rome, but says "it was not the result of lofty theological speculations—it was always brought about by impecuniousness and ill-regulated living." Though the writer thus draws a sad picture of the nation's spiritual guides, he yet seems surprised that the reform party in Portugal refused to allow their schools to remain any longer under clerical guidance. The confiscation of priests' seminaries and bishops' palaces, with a view of using them as schools, was the logical outcome of the new and more rational spirit. When the secular party came into power, they found the Royalist and Church party had so neglected education that an enormous percentage of the population were illiterate. Dr. E. J. Dillon, writing in the ENGLISH REVIEW at the time of the revolution, pointed out that of the 5,039,744 who made up the population of Portugal, 3,914,514 were illiterate. He further observed that the number would have been greatly exceeded "without the forty-five schools maintained by Republicans at their own expense out of hard-earned wages." Of the spiritual essence of life, Omar Khayyám said well:

> "One grain of it within the tavern found
> Is better than in Temple lost outright."

Four thousand new schools have already been established in Portugal, but progress is naturally not rapid in a country where the habit of school-going is not yet established, and where qualified teachers are hard to find.

The Republican Government may have been tyrannical in its methods at first, but to-day, as we have seen, this is

ceasing to be the case. Why have a revolution unless it is intended to operate a fundamental change in the whole life of the country? Such a drastic transformation could not be effected without high-handed action, and this mode of procedure was the only one to operate such a sudden and complete change. As a charming young member of the reform party said to me: "Ordinary mild methods might produce *perhaps* the same effect as revolution after many years, but we were and are in a hurry, and the evils of the old system were so deeply ingrained in the habits of the people, that without a *shock*, it is more than doubtful whether they will be eradicated. How mild, after all, was our Revolution, compared to other outbreaks in the past. Does it not stand to our credit that we did not re-introduce the death sentence during our troubles? Even armed rebels captured in open warfare against the Government, and not recognised as belligerents, were only imprisoned."

When we examine the political administrative laws of the Republic, we have to admit them to be intensely democratic. Directly after the Revolution, municipalities were more or less under the direction of the State, but in October, 1913, it was decreed that municipal bodies should be elected for three years. They are now virtually independent, too, of the central authority. It is worthy of note that the President in Portugal has far less power than the Presidents in France or the United States, and that the Parliament can in no case be dissolved.

The following notes on recent legislation have been put courteously at my disposal. "All the economic laws," runs my information, "are of a nature to tax capital, and favour the productive classes. The tax which existed on house-rent to the detriment of the tenant was abolished in 1913. Now only the landlords are taxed on the value of their holdings. A law insuring workers against accidents was passed in 1913. M. Affonso Corta, the prominent Republican politician, when in Office as Minister of Finance, succeeded in abolishing the annual deficit; a fact unheard of in Portuguese finance for at least half a century.

"Finally all the corruption connected with the taxation of property has been abolished through stringent means, making prevarication almost impossible."

The trend of events in Madeira serves as a miniature illustration of conditions prevailing in the rest of Portugal. The Island seems to have prospered more during the last two years than during the eighty previous years. Roads all round the Island are being made, and electric tramway lines are being established. It is interesting, too, to note that an agricultural "Junta" has been created in the Island. This body aims at modernising agriculture, and has brought four experts of Italian, Belgian, and American nationality to teach up-to-date methods. The "Junta" or committee has imported thousands of pounds worth of implements and plants for grafting, etc. It has established agents in Berlin and London to report on agricultural improvements and to advertise Madeiran products. The "Junta General" of the Island has not hesitated to borrow a large sum (equal to four years of its whole revenue) in order to provide such necessities as roads.

The new girls' school in Madeira is a cheerful sign of national progress. It came into being during our stay on the Island, and is typical of much. First, Madeira gossip reported the arrival of four girl teachers, who had arrived to take charge of the new school. "Poor girls," said one and another, "I pity them. The school is a myth, and even if it is not a myth, there is no furniture, and where are the pupils?" The legend of the school and the four teachers grew, and finally I determined to see what all this talk was worth, and asked to be taken to the school. As a pair of stout bullocks drew our sledge, the characteristic conveyance of Madeira, in the direction of the school, little groups of girls passed us. The scent warmed; these were evidently the pupils. As we entered the doors of a truly palatial building we saw a number of other children playing in the garden. We were shown all the glories of the great building by the four teachers, who, I discovered, had been chosen with the greatest care and judgment by representatives of the reform party. The oldest of the group was French, endowed with all the subtle charm of her nation. Then I was introduced to the English teacher, and finally to two Swiss sisters who had passed every possible examination, and yet remained as blithe and beautiful as the birds of the air. The school building was originally a seminary for priests, and it was impossible not to contrast

the old and the new. Where once dark-clothed forms moved slowly by, companioned by grave thoughts, there now passed, with buoyant steps, figures alive with hope and enthusiasm. How much these four delightful girls had to tell us of this great adventure they had undertaken! With what pride they showed us the appointments of the school still in process of arrangement. A few short weeks only had they been at work, but they were full of courage and belief that all was going well. It was with regret we bade them good-bye, and we felt once more that the New Spirit was bound to conquer.

So much for Madeira; but what of Portugal itself? Unhappily, I was not able to see Portugal proper in the same way as I saw Madeira. However, I was fortunate enough to be shown some places of interest in Lisbon by an enchanting guide, a man unconnected with politics, and yet in sympathy with reform. Together we visited the new Liceu Central de Pedro Nunes. I can only describe it as a model school. The seven hundred and twenty scholars were pleasing types of open, happy-faced young men, and we felt Portugal was to be congratulated on its rising generation, the Makers of To-morrow. As we passed from floor to floor, through gymnasia, laboratories and geological museums, one could but feel that the quality of education offered to the boys could not be more perfect. Here again we saw the signs of haste with which the new party was working. The structure was not yet finished, and while the school was in full swing in one part of the building, masons and painters were at work elsewhere.

Not less interesting was the board school we also visited. Escola Officena No. 6 was its official title. Here we saw both boys and girls being educated on apparently excellent lines. I should judge, too, that the masters and mistresses were endowed with a certain amount of enthusiasm over and above the ordinary good qualities demanded of a teacher of youth. Everywhere we passed we felt there was a spirit of hope abroad, a spirit working out its salvation somewhat pathetically in the midst of hatred and misrepresentation. My friend took me to the church where Vasco da Gama was buried, and bade me note that a mass was in progress. "The solace of religion," he said, "can be obtained by all who desire it." He then showed me

historic vestments, exquisitely embroidered, which were stored in the vestry. "All things needful for the services are left in the churches," he said, "only those things which are superfluous we remove to our Museums."

Another place of special interest which I visited was the great convict prison, the Penitenciaria. It is a modern building, and if a prison could be described as ideal, this might be so described. Air and light penetrate everywhere, and each cell has a large window which can be opened at will. We saw that part of the prison from which the political prisoners had lately been liberated. Many falsehoods have been spoken of the way in which they were treated. An acquaintance of mine dined in company with a released prisoner, a distinguished naval officer, on the night he was set free. He said, except for being detained in prison, he had nothing to complain of in reference to his treatment while incarcerated. The Governor of the prison spoke with deep indignation of the bad faith of certain English people who, after visiting the prison, wrote in the remark book that they had only praise for all they had seen. Then straightway they proceeded to write misleading things in the English Press about mediæval barbarities practised in Portuguese prisons.

This prison can be described only as exceedingly humane, pervaded with the idea of reforming rather than punishing. It compares favourably with two pattern prisons I have visited, the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, and the American Penitentiary, in Columbus, Ohio.

Before the coming of the Republic a great chapel stood in the centre of the building. From this point radiated six sections filled with seats in tiers one above another. Each prisoner's seat was enclosed in a box open only to the chapel; no prisoner ever saw another, for every man on leaving his cell had to draw a grey linen hood over his head and shoulders. To-day hoods are abolished, prisoners work together in company, the chapel is no more, and it has been replaced by a school.

All these changes cannot be made without hurting somebody's feelings, but the law of development and unfoldment is logical and inexorable.

Let this incident give pause to all friends of progress.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN PORTUGAL

I once said lightly to a Spanish grandee: "I really believe the new Portuguese Republic will win through and succeed in regenerating the country." "Oh," he said, giving a little gesture of dismay, "don't say that, it will make difficulties for us in Spain if they do succeed."

I have talked with Englishmen who are in touch with Portuguese statesmen. These men belong to the business world, and propose to lend a hand in the development of the country by opening up mines and building harbours and railways. These hard-headed business men have felt that there was a spirit of hope in the country. They have found patriots, where the enemy can only find self-seeking politicians. English people have been too ready to listen to the point of view of the clerical party. It is time now for us to wish our old friends good luck on the difficult journey they have undertaken. English people hold a high place in the esteem of the Portuguese, and a word of sympathy from them is truly appreciated. I could not fail to see that misrepresentation of Portuguese aims in the British Press is a real source of distress to some warm-hearted, noble-minded people in Portugal.

President Wilson

By Sydney Brooks

THE first thing one wants to know about any and every American President is his conception of the Presidency. It is an office that even more than the Papacy depends for its range and effectiveness upon the man who holds it. It takes at once the impress of a personality. It is a human and a malleable office and all the more characteristically American for being so.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, a student of politics and of governmental theories and systems from boyhood, long ago put on record his views of the President's functions and opportunities. They are to be found in embryo in his book on "Congressional Government," published some thirty years ago, and more fully matured and elaborated in his recent volume, "Constitutional Government." He has no doubts that the President is at liberty both in law and conscience to be as big a man as he can, to decline to content himself with the negative power of vetoing the measures he disapproves, to regard himself not only as the leader of his party, but as the spokesman of the nation, and to exert his utmost influence both in shaping programmes of legislation and in assisting their passage through Congress. I should imagine, indeed, that he takes up an almost English attitude towards the water-tight divisions of the American scheme of government, that he perceives how easily it lapses into a sort of vast conspiracy for doing nothing, and that he reckons it a national loss that the energy, which under the Cabinet system is given up almost entirely to the work of legislation, should in America spend itself in excessive strife among the triad of authorities created to check and balance one another. The problem that confronts an American President is the precise opposite of the difficulty that besets a British Premier; it is the problem of getting anything done at all. Even when

his party commands a majority in both Houses, his power over legislation depends wholly on the goodwill of Congress. He may recommend everything, but he can direct nothing. Neither he nor his Cabinet Ministers sit in Congress nor hold any recognised communication with it except through the medium of formal messages. The Executive is divided from the Legislature to an extent that makes each not only quasi-independent, but almost hostile.

Now the whole gist of Mr. Wilson's teachings and practice has been an assertion of the President's right and duty to bridge over the gap and bring the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue into a closer, more harmonious, and more productive association. The President alone, he holds, can impart to the American system the smoothness and flexibility it has hitherto lacked. He is the representative of the whole nation while Senators and Congressmen represent only sections of it, and his isolation, as he has often insisted, has quite unexpectedly been his elevation. Not only is he the legal Executive and the leader of his party, but he is the sole authority competent to act the part of political guide and counsellor to the people as a whole. The position demands, and public opinion welcomes and supports, a President of force and initiative. "The whole country," said Mr. Wilson three years ago, "since it cannot decipher the methods of its legislation, is clamouring for leadership; and a new *rôle* which, to many persons, seems little less than unconstitutional, is thrust upon our Executives. The people are impatient of a President or a Governor who will not formulate a policy and insist upon its adoption. They are impatient of a Governor who will not exercise energetic leadership, who will not make his appeals directly to public opinion and insist that the dictates of public opinion be carried out in definite legal reforms of his own suggestion." I agree with this diagnosis. There is, indeed, no phenomenon more palpable in present-day America than the utter decline of the old faith in representative assemblies. They are fast coming to be regarded from one end of the country to the other as public calamities. The popular view of the President's functions is that he is in the White House to save the nation from Congress. The popular view of a Governor of a State or of a Mayor of a City is that he stands between the

people and the people's representatives, to protect the former and bridle the latter. Everywhere throughout America the tendency is to call in autocracy to safeguard democracy against itself. The same concentration of authority which has revolutionised the conduct of American industries is finding nowadays its inevitable political expression. In no other way do Americans see a chance of fixing responsibility and clearing a road through the jungle of professional politics.

Anyone who thinks that a professor and the head of a University must necessarily incline to "donnishness" could hardly be disabused more effectually than by spending a few hours in Mr. Wilson's company. He has not a trace of the aloofness, the limitations, and the cloistered futility that such a career and environment as his do occasionally induce. Donnishness, in any case, is rather an English than an American disease. The professors, and especially the Presidents, of the American Universities are a body of men remarkable for the vitality of their contact with the world. They are men of affairs; they are often great citizens as well as great educational administrators; they are a human and energising influence in the public as well as the intellectual life of their surroundings; one important Middle Western State may almost be said to be governed from its University; and speaking generally, one feels in the American collegiate air an alertness and modernity and a consciousness of something more than a mere scholastic mission that may, and no doubt do, impair the quality of learning, but that at the same time strongly reinforce the quality of life. Dr. Wilson was an admirable example of this professorial type. He always kept steadily in view the duty of making education serve the wider purposes of civic and national endeavour. What chiefly interested him in politics was to analyse ideas in their relation to the realities which were supposed to embody them. His essay on "Congressional Government" was one of the first attempts by a native publicist to get past the philosophy to the actual working results of the American scheme of government. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that it did for the American what Bagehot did for the British Constitution. In all his writings, indeed, one discerns a passion to pierce through the aspects of things to the facts beneath. He is

the author of what is by far the most suggestive and judicial history of the American people that has yet been published; and the many articles he used to contribute to the monthly reviews on current affairs showed a spacious, free-working and discriminating mind, a supple style and a sure grip. Perhaps of all his writings the one that gives his intellectual measure with the greatest precision, and at the same time in the smallest compass, is the monograph he wrote for the volume on the United States in the Cambridge Modern History. The period assigned to him was the crucial decade between 1850 and 1860, when North and South were drifting into the irrepressible conflict. Among all the able men who contributed to that volume, Woodrow Wilson stood out easily the first. His chapter was incomparably the best in the whole compilation. In grasp and comprehensiveness, in the persuasive strength of its style, in perspective, and in dispassionate sobriety, it was a really masterly exposition of the causes of the Civil War. And these same attributes, set off by an engaging personality and an easy and striking way of putting things, made his lectures, with their constant handling of contemporary events, not only the great attraction of Princeton, but a fountain-head of sound political thought and practical inspiration.

Mr. Wilson, then, entered public life with an endowment of knowledge, scholarship, and philosophy not merely rare but abnormal in American politics. He belongs, in fact, much more to the class of public men we are now becoming unaccustomed to in England rather than to the class that has hitherto pretty well dominated American affairs. He is nearer to Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, Lord Bryce, and the late Professor Butcher than to such typically American products as Cleveland, McKinley, or Bryan. The United States has only once in her history elected to the highest office in the gift of the Republic anyone who at all resembled him as an intellectual force, and that was when she placed Thomas Jefferson in the White House. The late Mr. John Hay belonged in many ways to the same cultured and reflective type; but Mr. Hay was never chosen, and in all probability could never have been chosen, by popular vote to any office whatever, and would have shrunk from submitting himself to any such ordeal. If Mr. Wilson

had remained merely a professor he too might have shrunk. But happily for himself and his country he was elected in 1902 to the Presidency of Princeton University and for the next eight years underwent a sustained and all-round experience in the daily work of administration. It is no light task to be the head of a great American University. He need not be a scholar nor a commanding intellectual figure, though Mr. Wilson is both. But he must have organising power, the capacity for compromise, the gift of diplomacy, the ability not merely to form decisions, but to work them out in detail; he must have trained himself to the transaction of business and the exercise of executive authority; and he must have been braced by the continuous contact, and often the wholesome conflict, with a variety of men and issues. Princeton under Wilson, like Harvard a generation earlier under Eliot, took a new start from the day of its new President's inauguration. He infused into it a real spirit of work; and the first five years of his administration were a tale of internal peace, effective reform, and a vast expansion of fame, usefulness, and material success. It was not until he tried to change the social structure of the University in a "democratic" direction, and to insist on his right to control its educational policy, even to the extent of refusing large gifts of money for the establishment of a Graduate School of which he could not approve, that trouble broke out between himself and the Trustees. Unlike Englishmen, the Americans are interested in education; they followed the resounding controversy that raged through the clubs and lecture-halls and common-rooms of Princeton with close and comprehending intelligence; and they came quickly to the opinion not only that Dr. Wilson was fundamentally in the right, but that the stand he had taken and the qualities he had shown in defending it marked him out for a wider sphere of public service.

The upshot of it was that in 1910 the Democratic "machine" in New Jersey, anxious to hide its grossness behind a respectable figure-head, and not doubting that a college President in politics would be nothing more than a figure-head, nominated Dr. Wilson for the Governorship of the State. But here was a college President with the genuine instinct for statesmanship, inured to conflict, tested

by exacting responsibilities, and possessed by the idea that what above all else the State and the nation needed was leadership. There ensued one of the most remarkable campaigns that even America has ever seen. Dr. Wilson went up and down the State, avoiding personalities and partisanship, appealing to reason and conscience, laying bare the abuses of New Jersey's politics and social and industrial conditions, illuminating his theme with a natural eloquence that the most ignorant could understand and the most fastidious could enjoy, with a thousand happy phrases and illustrations, and a humour and freshness that made his whole campaign an intellectual treat and a political revelation. He fairly shook New Jersey awake, and New Jersey at that time, of all the States in the American Union, was the one where politics were most corrupt and most under the domination of "the interests" and where the theory of representative government was most openly belied by the actual facts. Republicans and Democrats flocked to the meetings of this University President who saw and spoke so clearly and to such high purpose and stated what he proposed to do so frankly and fearlessly; Republicans and Democrats joined on polling-day in electing him by a triumphant majority. In the first six months of his Governorship, after a struggle with the "machine" that was watched with breathless interest by the whole country, Mr. Wilson had induced the Legislature to pass laws reforming the electoral system, regulating the public services, enforcing employers' liability, reorganising education—in a word, civilising the Statute Book of the State, and restoring to its people the means of self-government.

Mr. Wilson had put his theory of leadership to the proof and it had more than justified his faith in it. He knocked on the head the old and hampering idea that the Governor and the Legislature were necessarily opposing authorities, condemned to an eternity of conflict. His successes were achieved by approaching the whole problem of their relationship from a new angle, by treating the Assemblymen and Senators as colleagues instead of as antagonists, by emphasising every point of agreement not only between himself and the Legislature, but between the parties inside the Legislature that still kept up an unmeaning feud, by

making a policy of cooperation for the common good the keynote of his appeal, and by calling to his aid a pitiless publicity and the force of an aroused and instructed popular sentiment when conciliatory tactics were hopeless and a straight-out fight with the "machine" and its henchmen could no longer be avoided. And these are the methods he has pursued as President and in the larger sphere of national politics. He found himself fifteen months ago at the head of a huge, undisciplined, inexperienced majority, and the leader of a party that had been twenty years out of power, that had some explicit and difficult pledges to redeem, and that was bursting to show what it could accomplish. It needed a firm and at the same time a soothing hand on the reins. Mr. Wilson could hardly have desired a more ample opportunity for testing his conception of what a President should be. He took charge at once. He assumed as a matter of course that it was part of his official duty not merely to "recommend" to Congress "such measures as he might judge necessary and expedient," but to supervise their drafting and assist them at every step of their passage through the House. There is a President's room at the Capitol, but it had remained practically unvisited until Mr. Wilson took to frequenting it for purposes of conferring on the spot with the leaders of Congress. For more than a hundred years no President had read his messages to the Legislature in person. They had instead embodied them in interminable essays and handed them over for delivery to clerks with rickety voices. Mr. Wilson revived the original practice, himself appeared before Congress when he had anything to say, and expounded his views with unparalleled brevity and the note of distinction that runs through all his utterances. All his predecessors, again, had been mainly absorbed by questions of patronage. Mr. Wilson, immediately on entering the White House, made it clear that such questions were to be laid before the Cabinet heads of the various departments and that he himself was to be left free for the proper business of the nation. Other Presidents had been accessible, but no one before him had made it a weekly practice to receive the Washington correspondents at a regular informal gathering and to answer on the spot whatever questions they might care to put. These innovations had a two-fold purpose, to bring

the President and Congress into the closest and most constant cooperation and to keep the public informed as to the work and opinions of the Administration. Mr. Wilson has never lectured Congress in the pistolling manner that Mr. Roosevelt popularised; his methods are those of argument, persuasion, and appeal; only once has he found it necessary to reach over the heads of the Legislature for the support of the electorate at large; he always quietly takes it for granted that he and the Representatives and the Senators are fellow-members on a great committee of public welfare, that no bullying or cajolery is required to induce them to work together, and that to the President, as the chairman of the committee, belongs the right of suggesting the agenda and how it should be handled.

The success of his methods has seemed little less than marvellous to a nation long unaccustomed to the smooth and efficient dispatch of legislative business. He took a large share in drafting, and a larger share in procuring the Congressional adoption of, a measure of Tariff revision that really rescued the fiscal policy of the country from the grip of privilege. That was a feat which those who are best acquainted with the political convulsions, the broken pledges and baffled hopes, that have attended all previous attempts at Tariff reduction, will appreciate most. Not only did the President hold his party together but, thanks to his calming influence on the public mind, the Bill became law with next to none of the excited apprehensions that used to accompany any effort to scale down the old insensate schedules. In place of the series of inordinate sops to particular groups of industry, the United States has now a comparatively rational and moderate system of Protection; and the Tariff question which for a generation and more has dominated and distracted American politics has been put on the shelf for a good many years to come. With that achievement to his credit Mr. Wilson went on to tackle the older and in some ways the even more contentious problem of currency reform. This, too, he solved as well perhaps as anyone could hope to solve it in a land with the curious financial history and prejudices of the United States; and again without anything approaching a party rupture. He removed the cardinal error of a currency issue based upon the purchase of an equal amount

of Government bonds and he established a system of Federal Reserve Banks that, while an obvious compromise, will certainly do something to mitigate the panic-breeding rigidity and incoherence of the American currency system. I was able when in Washington a few months ago to judge the effect of these two successes upon political and popular opinion. People seemed hardly able to realise that within nine months of his inauguration President Wilson had actually disposed of two of the thorniest questions in American politics and that the Democrats, instead of dissolving into a series of mutually destructive factions, were working harmoniously together, at peace with themselves and with the White House, and magically obedient to the Presidential will. Americans are rapturously given to over-exalting their leaders. But in President Wilson's case they had the excuse that he had really accomplished something. The Wilson touch, the Wilson atmosphere, his quiet effectiveness, the consummate style and the appealing tone of his messages and occasional addresses, the plane on which he lived and moved, his originality of bearing and speech and procedure, in which malice itself could detect nothing theatrical, the great gulf that separated him from the type of President who is "playing politics" and thinking all the time of his chances of re-election, and the whole spectacle of this "amateur" and "Professor" driving his difficult team with such undeniable dexterity—all this the "man in the cars" found prodigiously to his liking. He trusted the President and was fascinated by him; while Congress, for its part, followed the lead of the White House with hardly a murmur. Mr. Wilson had awed it into good behaviour, and he ended his first year of office with a supremacy over the Legislature and popular sentiment such as Mr. Roosevelt, with an infinitely greater expenditure of heat, had never attained. I should say that when in January the President took up the question of the Trusts in a firm but also a tolerant and reconciling temper, proclaiming his friendliness towards the big business interests and urging that the removal of industrial abuses and malpractices should be accomplished in an atmosphere of accommodation and mutual understanding, his prestige and the national confidence in his judgment stood at a higher point than any President had reached in our time.

The best proof of his ascendancy was to be seen in the fact that, while eight out of every ten men one came across were in private sharp critics of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy, in public scarcely a word was said against it either in Congress or the Press. It was not until the murder of Mr. Benton in the last week of February that the silent misgivings found a voice. Subsequent developments and the President's handling of them have added to the uneasiness and made it not merely vocal but clamorous. The country has never quite understood, and has therefore never quite subscribed to, the principles which have guided Mr. Wilson throughout the Mexican entanglement or the end he has been pursuing. It sincerely shares his abhorrence of intervention on a big scale and its aftermath of huge responsibilities. It has trusted, perhaps, too implicitly in his capacity to find a peaceable way out, and it now finds itself face to face with a situation, largely of the President's own creation, and full of unattractive possibilities that cannot well be shirked. It confronts that situation without enthusiasm and with an exasperated feeling that, under better management, it might have been avoided. Criticism in such circumstances is inevitable and proofs have not been lacking that the extraordinary loyalty and patience with which his countrymen have watched the President's dealings with General Huerta are being mingled with the suspicion that he has bungled the whole business. That does not mean that there will be any backwardness in responding to whatever calls he is ultimately driven to make upon them, but it does mean that the war, if it comes to war, will be unpopular, entered upon as a reluctant necessity and destitute of those chivalrous and humanitarian impulses that lent to the conflict with Spain something of the fervour of a crusade.

But what especially has altered President Wilson's position and clouded his prospects is the stand taken by him on the question of the Panama tolls. For all the support and applause it has elicited in quarters that make up in respectability for what they lack in political influence, there can be little question that, in fighting for the repeal of the discriminating clause in the Panama Canal Act, the President has set himself against the average opinion of both Congress and the country. A storm of unmeasured

violence has broken upon his head and whatever its issue, Mr. Wilson's hold over his party has been shaken and must suffer. The legend of his invulnerability has been shattered; the spell is broken; the honeymoon is over. Everyone with a grievance against the Administration, the beet-sugar planters who declare themselves to be ruined by the coming of free sugar, the manufacturer who has been hit by the lowering of the Tariff schedules, the ordinary citizen wrestling for the first time with the importunities of the income-tax, and the malcontents who spring up in the rear of every Government, is looking out for a chance to disparage and assail; and though the mass of the people remain justly proud of their President and have shed very little of their faith in him, critics and opponents accumulate and his hour of trouble is drawing near.

It is in Washington, naturally, that the reaction is most pronounced. Between Mr. Wilson and the average Senator or Congressman there is little sympathy of tastes or standards or character and next to no intellectual common-ground. His dictation has been acquiesced in, but it has never been, and never could have been, welcomed; and there is now a movement of revolt against it. The country approves the spectacle of this austere-looking President, rather sternly giving himself up to his prodigious task, and wasting neither time nor words nor emotions as he pursues his masterful purposes. But the politicians find him almost as intangible and enigmatical as they would find Lord Morley or Mr. Balfour. They are far more conscious than he is of his remoteness from the common clay. They feel almost as much embarrassed in his presence as a schoolboy at the headmaster's breakfast-table. How things will strike him, by what motives he is swayed, what arguments or considerations really appeal to him, from what angle should he be approached—they do not know. He listens to them with an impartial courtesy and instantaneous comprehension, but they detect, or think they detect, a warning air that fools and triflers will not be suffered gladly. Nor are they ever quite sure that they have got past his barricades and are in touch with the inner man. In official hours he is not very communicative or given to small talk; he isolates himself a good deal from the social life of Washington, gives few openings for the sort of per-

sonal gossip that the American public loves to assimilate, cuts down all audiences, public and private, to the briefest limits, does not know or does not care what is being said about him, holds himself impassively in hand, and seems to the casual looker-on to be almost deliberately sparing of points of contact with the common run of American humanity. The capital is not used to, and is rather mystified by, a President of this kind; and most Congressmen cannot away with an uncomfortable sense of their own intellectual inferiority, of narrower views and less elevated ends. He is not one of them. When he talks of politics he is thinking of the nation and its needs, of ideas, and how to express them in legislation, and not of jobs, personalities, and the next election, The pettinesses and vulgarities, the base motives and low calculations, of the committee-room type of politician shrivel up before his serene integrity. It is not that he explodes upon them or shows any trace of moral or intellectual arrogance. It is simply that there is something in him and radiating from him, the presence and emanation of a spirit always instinctively in communion with the finer things of life, that abashes men of a meaner cast. He impresses one, even an infrequent acquaintance like myself, as a man governed by a living faith in religion and by a conscience that, if it is a solace, must also be one of the trials of his Presidential career. Once convinced that he has right and justice on his side and nothing can move him; I can imagine him then proving the most stubborn of men. A certain want of elasticity in his moral temperament and judgments unites in him, or so at least it seems to me, with the habit of authority and the pride of conviction and the impatience of opposition inherited from his pedagogic years to form a compound not without its dangers for a statesman in this unholy world of ours. His whole Mexican policy, indeed—the problem of how such a man could act in such a way—only becomes comprehensible when the guess is hazarded that his conscience rather than his intellect dictated it. It was a case where the scruples of an idealist revolted against a compromise to which a statesman of more robust or less sensitive disposition would have accommodated himself without difficulty. A good stiff conscience will sheathe a man in an ethical casing against which all arguments will

helplessly blunt themselves, and will transform the clearest of thinkers into an obstinate and intractable doctrinaire; and, personally, except on the ground of conscience, I find it impossible to reconcile Mr. Wilson's diplomacy in Mexico either with his trained and comprehensive intelligence or with the decisiveness that has marked his treatment of domestic issues. He is a sombre, I have even heard him called an angular, President, who rarely relaxes into expansiveness or allows the public to catch a glimpse of the great store of winning and many-sided humanity, the abounding sense of fun, that delights his intimates. The richness and variety of his talk, the spontaneous humour that is of the very essence of his zest in life, these he keeps for his family and his friends. The mass of his countrymen have still to learn to know him.

The Land of London (II)

The Leasehold System

By W. M. J. Williams

THE recent sale of Covent Garden Market and some 19 acres of adjoining property by the Duke of Bedford has served to intensify an interest, which is ever keen, regarding the soil of London. For a place on that soil millions of human beings are contending every day, and, of course, their relation to the "owners" of that soil is an aspect of matters of the gravest and most fundamental importance. In practice that relation is decided on the maxim that "a man may do as he likes with his own," the only man considered in such an utterance being the owner of the soil. Every young man coming down from the 'Varsity and entering himself at the Temple, when he takes up such a handbook as Joshua Williams on *The Principles of the Law of Real Property*, is told that:

> An English subject may enjoy the absolute ownership of goods, but not of land, the law does not recognise *absolute* ownership of land, unless in the hands of the Crown; and the greatest interest in land, which a subject can have, is an estate in fee simple, that is to say, an estate inheritable by his blood-relations, collateral as well as lineal, according to the legal order of succession, and held feudally of some lord by some kind of service. For by English law, the King is the supreme owner, or lord paramount, of every parcel of land in the realm; and all land is holden of some lord or other and either immediately or mediately of the King."

Very many, knowing how things are done every day, quite legally, would be much surprised to be told that there are no owners as distinguished from holders of land—that property in land is thus differentiated legally from property in other things. To-day, when the Government of the day announces a programme which will modify the tenure of land seriously, it is of moment that this limitation of such a tenure should be realised and widely known.

Few words are needed to connect that fundamental

fact of land tenure in this country with the position in which London (and all other progressive towns only in lesser degree) finds itself under the leasehold system. The Select Committee on Town Holdings of 1881, and the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes of 1885, may be said to mark the opening of the present campaign, which promises to close auspiciously, but which has been so protracted as to kill off nearly every individual who was active at its inception. The "land question" is with us always, and will be until our rulers give relief from intolerable conditions by means of some "Grundwet" which shall regard the general welfare, and subordinate the interest of individuals and families in the capital matter of the tenure of land. It is not too much to say that to every person who has examined social conditions arising out of, and connected with, our land laws candidly, it has been a matter of surprise how the people generally, and certain "tenants" in particular, have borne their hardships and injustice with such remarkable patience. There are signs that the patience of an important section of such tenants is exhausted. On the 30th of October, 1913, a deputation waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which represented "200,000 shopkeepers." It was from "The Town Tenants' League," which represents not only so many persons, but was directly representative of other associated bodies which stand for many trades and their organisations. In this way drapers, grocers, meat traders, goldsmiths, master bakers, ironmongers, newsagents, saddlers and harness makers, and the associations formed by these bodies, including the National Chamber of Trade, were represented, and their prayer had a leading reference to "the grievances under which traders suffer in consequence of the system of tenure under which many of them hold their shops and business premises." It has been recognised by Ministers, and by a widely diffused number of citizens generally, that a more significant indication of the grievances of the public has not been afforded for a long time. The shopkeeper class has been a patient ass, bearing burdens heavy and many. Even great firms, the directors of which might be designated "merchant princes," have borne their burdens in silence, never appealing to the public forum. Now that long silence is

broken, and we see a formidable combination of shopkeepers bringing their grievances to light, and bearding the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his dim den at Whitehall, demanding attention and redress at the hands of our rulers. This uprising of the shopkeeper in London and the provinces may be written of yet as one of the landmarks of social and legislative movements at the opening of the twentieth century; for these grievances cannot be removed without modifying practices and conditions which are fundamental to our social system.

It is known that those who interviewed the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been stirred to action in part by the passing of the Town Tenants (Ireland) Act of 1906. With their usual slimness, the Irish members had secured that Act. But that measure was a harbinger of day to shopkeepers in parts of the Kingdom outside Ireland. It gave the Irish compensation for improvements; it provided for the tenant's right at the expiration of a term to demand compensation in specified circumstances; it gave the landlord power to object to "improvements" proposed after the passing of this Act, but also power to the tenant to execute sanctioned sanitary improvements in default of the landlord; it regulated the rights of various parties to a holding with regard to compensation and gave compensation for "unreasonable disturbance" in business premises. The Act was made compulsory, no contracting out being permitted. The County Court was appointed for cases arising, with an appeal to the High Court. The holdings to which the Act applies are defined as "houses, shops, and other buildings situate in urban districts, towns, or villages, and occupied either for residential or for business purposes, or partly for residential and partly for business purposes." Improvements made by landlord or tenant may be registered. Since 1907, this Act has been regarded as a very useful if limited reform.

The Town Tenants' League, whose deputation waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer in October, has promoted a Bill in the House of Commons more than once, and found much acceptance there. They waited on the Chancellor to ascertain if their requirements commended themselves for adoption in the "town" section of the Government's proposed land and housing reform. As the

reply was considered favourable and acceptable, this "Town Tenants Bill" should not be overlooked. The Bill follows the lines, admittedly, of the Town Tenants (Ireland) Act, 1906, and aims at the same grievances which had been felt in Ireland. The key to the movement is found in the question of improvements, leave to make them reasonably, and compensation to the tenant on quitting the holding; nor can any person of experience doubt that such amendments of law are of a pressing character; but it may be added that tenants of holdings in the country also, and not of house holdings alone, have a claim to similar attention, notwithstanding the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1906.

It will also prove of service to have the formulated grievances of the Town Tenants' League: as follows:—

1. That the Trader who holds upon Lease or Tenancy has no *permanent* security of tenure, and is frequently evicted from his premises, and suffers great loss in connexion with his goodwill, fixtures, and stock.
2. That in many cases Leases cannot be renewed upon equitable terms; new rents being based on the value of the *Tenant's goodwill* and the extent of his business.
3. That at the expiration of a Lease or Tenancy, increased rent is demanded if the Tenant has *improved his property*, and that this prevents many Shopkeepers from improving their shops.
4. That heavy claims for dilapidations are made upon Tenants at the expiration of Leases, and that no compensation is given to them for improvements which they have carried out and paid for, and in consequence of which Landlords obtain higher rents.
5. That Tenants are frequently called upon to pay excessive fees to the professional agents of Owners before consent can be obtained to make reasonable alterations and improvements to their shops and warehouses.
6. That fines and higher rents are frequently imposed before Landlords will give their consent to Tenants to alter and adapt their shops and warehouses.
7. That in some cases Owners arbitrarily refuse to allow Traders to alter and increase their premises and adapt them to their requirements.

In general also the Memorial alleged that in consequence "great injustice and loss was inflicted upon the trading community of Great Britain, and restricted business enterprise in all directions."

That is a list of grievances, formidable in total, but stated with great restraint. These grievances will not now be regarded as sensational, but were they not so common, could we imagine them imposed anew upon a spirited trading community, they would most certainly cause a great sensation.

It is well known that there is a deep discontent among the trading community. Not only is there a sense of

long-standing injustice, but irritation at the vexatious, almost gratuitous, hindrances to business placed in the enterprising man's way. Grievance No. 5 in the above table witnesses to this sense of injury and irritation. Not only does the landowner impose hard and unreasonable terms upon a tenant whose success means great gain to that owner, but around the system of letting has arisen a number of abuses which are resented very widely even by the prosperous trader. These fees of professional men, in addition to the vexatious restrictions of tenancy, are felt to be so objectionable as to have proved the proximate cause of the present revolt. To agitate against the habits and practices of estate agents and managers, or the conventional charges of surveyors and house-agents, would be vain. These objectionable charges and practices have grown up with the leasehold system of letting ground for urban habitations; and it is agreed among those who suffer, and also by many others, that the cure for the abuses is a reform of the tenure, providing, among other things, a summary remedy in such matters as alterations of premises, and power to make them with a moderate regard to the tenant's, and to the general weal, as well as that of the landowner. A procedure is needed which will regard the equities of things; the charges of surveyors and house-agents will then have more regard for the tenant, and his offer for the occupation of a holding. In short, it is sought to make the bargain for a shop or house, like any other true contract, a matter in which two parties act freely and willingly.

I am aware, of course, that it is contended there is no such difficulty in making equitable contracts for houses, or, at any rate, that the difficulty, if any, is "only a little one." The writer of the Digest of Evidence of 1888 on behalf of the "Property Protection Society" cannot imagine any "monopoly" save where it "involves the complete and undivided ownership of all land in a country by one individual." He does indeed condescend to notice that in some towns one individual rules the whole of the soil (and that this applies to many districts in London has been shown already), but he opines that "rapid locomotion and easy transit" render that almost innocuous through competition. But the Town Tenants' League finds that a

tradesman has to do with an owner who occupies so strong a position that it differs in no attribute from the monopoly imagined by the apologist just quoted. Look at these specific cases which the Town Tenants' League puts forward as specimens of many:—

Messrs. Morris and Co. were House Furnishers and occupied on lease Nos. 108 to 110 High Street, Kilburn. They desired to make a doorway in the party wall on the ground floor, so that they might take their customers from one shop to another. They could not, however, come to terms with their Landlord, and for a period of seven years they were compelled to take their customers from one shop to another through the street. The landlord ultimately gave his consent on condition that Messrs. Morris and Co. paid the whole of the Bill and costs for Solicitors, Surveyors, &c., which amounted to about £100. Messrs. Morris and Co. paid the Fees, and were allowed to make the doorway.

In Kilburn, again, an instance is given of "excessive fines and increased rents on release from covenants":—

A firm took a lease of an additional shop at a large rental. It was desired to make certain alterations and improvements. One of these was to remove a plain partition dividing the shop. The firm was informed that this was a "structural alteration," and was against the conditions of the lease, although its removal would in no way have affected the stability of the structure. To obtain consent the firm's rent was increased by about one-twentieth, and, at a later date, for permission to make a doorway, the rent was raised by about one-tenth of its original amount. The firm has spent an amount equal to between four and five years' rent in improvements which will become the landlord's property on the termination of the lease in a few years' time.

Case after case of this hard driving of a tenant is brought forward, in which full advantage of the monopolist's position is used to screw down a tenant who has no choice. Here is another:—

Mr. W. (of Limehouse, E.) has been tenant of premises for about nineteen years. He is over sixty years of age, and desires to dispose of his small business, as if he can do this, he says he will be able to keep himself in his old age. Present rent, £100 a year. The lease has about three years to run. Since Mr. W. has established a business here he has, at various times, requested the landlords to renew the lease. They have put him off, saying—Apply again nearer the end of the term.

Mr. W. has had several applicants to purchase, but when each applicant learned there was "only a short lease," and a refusal of the landlords to grant extension, they refused to entertain the matter. Two years ago the tenant, through his solicitors, requested the landlords to entertain renewal, and as the value of property and trade in this district has gone down, Mr. W. requested them to consider his application for a reduction of rent on such an extension or renewal. They refused to entertain any reduction of rent. Then Mr. W. offered the same rent, viz., £100, and pointed out the hardship, after being a good tenant for nineteen years, to be left in doubt as to renewal, although the present assessment of the shop is £80. Mr. W.'s solicitors suggested that he might even pay an increase of £10 a year, viz., £110 rent, so as to feel he was not to be deprived of his living, and this offer was made. The landlords still say that they prefer

to leave the matter over, and the tenant is in great distress as to what is to become of his business, which he has built up, and how he is to live if he should be turned out.

As I am writing of London I append another case, which illustrates the working of the present system :—

A tenant (in Kilburn) having a lease of a shop acquired the adjoining premises, and desired to connect the two shops by making an opening in the wall—of 9×6 ft. The tenant applied to the landlord for permission to do so, and promised to deposit in the bank in their joint names a sufficient sum of money to reinstate the opening in the wall at the end of the lease. The landlord did not object to the proposal, but gave no consent in writing. The tenant had the opening made. After the work was completed, and although the tenant was willing to fulfil the promise verbally agreed upon, an action was brought in the High Court by the landlord against the tenant to compel him to replace the wall. Judgment was given against the tenant by the Court on a point of law, but each side was ordered to pay their own costs. The tenant appealed to the Higher Court against this judgment, but judgment was again given against him, with all costs in this second action. The wall was then replaced. The tenant died soon afterwards, and the lease was transferred to another tenant, who took on the business. The tenant again applied for permission to make the opening, but it was granted only on the following terms :—To pay the landlord's costs of the first action, which amounted to about £250, and to pay an increased rent of £50 per annum for the opening as long as it was used. This rent was paid every year until 1912, when the property was sold, and the tenant left.

NOTE.—*Extract from Sir John Barker's Speech at the Annual Meeting of John Barker and Co., Ltd.* :—

"Unexpected difficulties cropped up in connection with the site at 63 and 65 Kensington High Street, the corner of the new building. The lease had an unexpired term of 63 years to run. Although held by us at a rack-rent we preferred at present not to divert further capital to purchase the freehold; that is to say, we preferred to run out the 63 years. Our building plans, however, met with the obstacles most of us experience when trying to improve property, and we were pulled up short. There was only one way of obtaining a building suited to our own, and not to other people's, requirements. We had more than once been reminded by the freeholder's advisers that we were in their hands and compelled to accept the terms imposed upon us like an ultimatum, and we had, therefore, no alternative but to buy the freehold outright. Forty years' purchase was demanded. Ultimately, after negotiation, extending over two months, and after sacrificing our rack-rent lease of 63 years, we were obliged to buy at no less than 30 years' purchase at a heavy rack-rent, and to pay £600 legal charges for the 'privilege' we did not want."

This instance of the working of the leasehold system in London, a recent and typical instance, may be left to speak for itself of the bearing upon our social and commercial conditions, and upon every aspect of the people's welfare. The significance of this instance acquires special interest because it has been announced recently that not only Messrs. Dickins and Jones (on acquisition by Harrod's), but Liberty's, Peter Robinson's, and Swan and Edgar's shops are about to be rebuilt in Regent Street, and new leases have to be arranged. Though these last instances are on the "Crown Estate," that estate also will have to be affected in time by the new conditions of tenure, which are likely to modify conditions in which tenants build and occupy premises on the leasehold system. Every such tenant is an eager expectant of such an equitable change.—W.

Is it surprising that the League calls this "blackmail"? And yet in that Digest of the evidence before Select Committees of 1886-7, prepared by the Property Protection Society, the "general conclusion" is "that no legislative interference at all is desirable with regard to house property; but that owners, builders, and occupiers alike will profit most by *being left alone*." So, cheerfully, does this writer conclude that the leasehold system, especially the 99 years' building system, is the best institution possible. He is ready, indeed, to confess that "the negative character of this conclusion will perhaps be an objection to it in the eyes of many persons." So, callously, does he smilingly regard all hardships and injustice which bring an unhallowed gain to his clients. There is a determination now that real attention, and even the "legislative interference" which this smug writer deprecated, shall be paid to this prime question, so that a more just solution and condition shall be found.

Seeing how delightful this rosy view of the 99 years' lease system is, it will be useful and entertaining to possess a view of its origin. The late Charles Harrison said that the London leasehold system was absolutely created by an Act of Parliament, and is quite a modern thing. "The present system of 99 years' leases," says another,

"in London has grown up out of the extension of the limited leasehold system of corporations and chapters and settled estates. In London formerly people were obliged to build on Church land, or corporation, or settled estate land at a disadvantage, because lands of other kinds were distinctly limited in quantity. If we had before us a map of London as it was two hundred years ago, we should find that all land immediately beyond the area then built over was Church property. Outside of old London was the Bishop of London's Manor of Old Stepney at one end (part of this is now the Tyssen Amherst Estate) and his Manor of Paddington and Westbourne at the other end. Between was an intermediate mass of prebendal manors attached to the different prebends of St. Paul's generally, from Hackney on the one side to Paddington on the other. With the exception of a break in those two northern areas of the Portman and the Portland settled estates, the whole of this land was practically in Church hands, and under the restraining statutes were incapable of being leased for more than forty years. The ground of old London itself belonged to one or other of the City Companies and charities. Without the walls was the Bedford estate (1708); beyond was the Portland estate, extending from the bottom of Tottenham Court Road to the Portman estate. The next settled estate was the upper portion of the Grosvenor estate. The lower portion of it is the Ebury estate, and was also in settlement. Away in Surrey, stretching far south from Lambeth Bridge, were the vast demesnes of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Over the Church lands here mentioned the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have control to-day."

Such an origin to so many of the large estates of London only adds fuel to the ire of those who find it difficult to get sites for building except under the monopolistic conditions which have been referred to.

So far, the instances quoted from the Town Tenants' League and their experience illustrate the difficulties and grievances of shopkeepers. But this subject of leasehold tenure would be treated much too sectionally, one-sidedly, if left so, however worthy of attention as specimens these cases may prove. For the leasehold system is found equally obstructive and oppressive by both persons and public bodies, and that because the possession of the soil within the given area places so much power in the hands of the "owner." The owner is in a position to exact the utmost penny, and even to forestall profits (say from a tradesman) by means of the "fine" and "reserved ground rent" demanded. It is amusing to observe with what surprise the apologists of the system hear any complaints of the result. They regard it as only the "right" of the owner, the natural consequence of his possession of the soil. In one place the apologist whom I have quoted culls an extract from a speech by Mr. Morley (now Viscount Morley) on some Irish Bill for town tenants, to the effect that housing in towns was a matter of supply and demand. Such a position is quite indefensible; and we have seen that Ireland has got her Town Tenants' Act since 1906. It is vain to pray aid from the economic doctrine of supply and demand, for the landlord is always in a position to restrict the supply of the essential thing, viz., the land for a site. He has to be satisfied before any building, public or private, can proceed. That, in short, is the position, the menacing position, which faces our Government, and for which some remedy must be found now.

To obtain a clearer view of the remedy to be sought it is necessary to consider briefly the separate classes of the cases affected by this leasehold system, which finds its crown, without any glory, in London. These cases have been touched upon already, but for greater convenience had better be mentioned again. The case of the shopkeepers has been set forth, and their patience in loss under irritating grievances shown. Other cases may be brought under two heads: those of dwelling houses for private

parties, and cases to which the public authorities are parties. In this paper our direct interest is in the shopkeeper and dwelling-house classes, but it will be made to appear also that these cannot be separated from that in which public authorities are concerned—for dwelling-house purposes indeed, but for many other purposes also. As for dwelling houses, nothing is more common than that a third party, the builder, should intervene between the ground owner and the occupier. Among the larger shopkeepers, the rule is that the "firm" should be the direct tenant of the estate, from the manager of which it negotiates the lease according to which it erects the house of business and enjoys the premises for commercial purposes. With a great many of the private dwellers it is otherwise, though after the first term of a tenement leases are then frequently held directly from the owner of the ground estate. When a public authority is concerned with dwellings, or wishes to become possessed of sites, it must deal with all the interests of the moment in a given site, and the story is such usually as to make a deep impression upon the authority of its relations with the owners of the acquired estate. The Lands Clauses Acts are applied in every case of such an acquisition, and together with the price required for the property the total cost becomes such that every authority shrinks from doing its duty. It is to-day, alas! only too commonly known, and allowed to remain so supinely, that much of the insanitary condition of our great cities, much of London's disgrace in housing, arises from the difficulty attendant upon acquiring the sites needed. The erections required will no doubt mount up to large figures; but it is felt and known that as in addition to the cost of erection large sums have to be paid for sites and for compensation, only very slow progress can be made in providing the necessary house accommodation. Meantime the public suffers. Old and dirty property. which should not be allowed to stand, is not only occupied, but overcrowding and insanitary conditions are rife. The tale can be repeated by almost every authority applied to; but there is a hesitation displayed by them all to undertake much-needed work, and the hesitation arises, in almost all cases, from the onerous financial aspects of the problems to be solved. At this point it is evident that my argument applies to much

else besides enterprises characteristic of life in towns; and the connection between these different problems must be touched upon before this paper is brought to a close.

The case of occupiers of private houses may be regarded as the normal under the London leasehold system. Whether the house has been erected by a builder or by the occupier, the case is usually that where a site has been obtained from a landlord's manager, who issues a lease for 65, 85, or 99 years; and now in London the second-named period is common, though many leases are also for shorter periods. The occupier or builder has to covenant, in almost every case, to spend certain sums on the building, to secure the rent as it is said, and to pay a fixed sum for the annual use of the site. But, of course, the owner of that site counts also upon the reversion; the reversion is a property which grows in value as the term of lease is spent year by year. When the term is determined, and usually several years before, the owner's agent or manager presses the occupier to sue for a renewal of his lease, and on such an occasion finds the opportunity to take over a large portion of the value created by the tenant on that site. The owner himself may not, and usually has not, contributed anything to that value, but he reaps a harvest all the same. Usually the growth of value arises, generally from the pressure of the population and its needs, and then specifically, the occupier has erected his fine premises, and created a large business, or the private resident has erected his house, dwelt in it, and paid his rent meanwhile. But at the end of that lease, unless the shopkeeper or the private resident agree to the much harsher terms imposed upon them, the property becomes automatically the property of the site owner. That such is the bare and true outline of the working of the leasehold system is well known; and it might seem that a recital of the facts should suffice to bring it to universal condemnation. It must be admitted that very many fail to get beyond the fact that nothing that is thus done is illegal and beyond the terms of a contract entered into between intelligent persons. Let me submit once more, however, that while it is admitted the method is subject to open contract, and is quite legal, it is also to be condemned as unsatisfactory, and resulting in conditions seriously hurtful to the public weal. Nothing can be more patent

to-day to any competent observer of public affairs than the wide discontent with the bad diffusion and distribution of wealth. The leasehold system is one of the legal means which contribute to this defective distribution. It would be tedious to describe how this is so. Is it not obvious that the system allows one man to reap a large portion of the wealth accruing from the labours of a whole community? Here, again, we are on the edge of a larger question, a condition of things which permits of and is a *conditio sine qua non* for the existence of a leasehold system.

Though the subject cannot be followed up in this paper, it will be worth devoting a paragraph to another aspect of this matter, which is of much practical importance. I refer to the position of the site-owner with regard to public burdens. He is not a ratepayer, and he is not amenable for income tax to the extent of the value of his interest in leasehold property—by which I mean his real interest, and not to the extent of the income which he enjoys already. I am aware that when I say he is not a ratepayer I am touching a delicate question of incidence; but I venture to say that in a progressive district such as most London districts are, where demand for dwelling or for business purposes presses on space, the terms of a lease are such, the leverage enjoyed by the landlords so great, that all, or the far larger portion, of the weight of local rates is placed upon the occupier. One of the pressing aspects of reform in local taxation is touched here. Leases usually mean a direct and substantial addition to the ground or site-owners' means. The value which he as "owner" holds has been created in large part by the community represented by the public authority, and he ought everywhere to be brought under the Rating Acts; and most of those who have considered the economic and fiscal aspects of this matter will add that his new and easily gained values should also be subject to a charge for national purposes. It is an unconscionable law which allows one person to swallow up as owner all the permanent values accruing to the soil, accruing by the labours of the community and its most active members; it is a system for which no justification can be found, and the taxation of these national gains for national purposes will be found to secure the ever-widening support of the people. This, of course, is not the same question

as that weather-beaten one of the claims of local taxation for grants from the central treasury; but were justice done to tradespeople, to active people of all sorts who create the large values of our town sites, much of the pressure of that grant-in-aid matter would be relieved in all localities—save the home of chronic "agricultural depression."

The leverage in the hands of the site-owner of London may be judged by a few figures. The power which such a site-owner wields over the lives of fellow-citizens has been illustrated by the cases of tradespeople given in this paper, which show how much can be imposed upon an otherwise able and independent class of citizens. To measure this power which the site-owner wields, let me refer to the statistics of the value of London—administrative London—as given officially. In 1871 the *rateable* value of London was £19,963,285; in 1912 it was no less than £44,781,347. Here we have an increase of 124 per cent. in forty-one years. Of the increase some £16,338,379 were due to new buildings, and £8,479,683 to increases at the quinquennial re-valuations. (An interesting fact touching this last sum is that it was £566,295 less in 1911 than in 1906.) But the most arresting fact about this great increase, the more than doubling of the value of London, was that the increase represented so much added to the value of the property on the sites, and where leased the site-owner had become owner or reversioner without any effort whatever. To add £500,000,000 to the property of the reversioner in forty-one years is a very unsatisfactory business to the citizen who is not an owner of a yard of the land of London. That this system issues in a colossal injustice is quite plain.

The chief difficulty of a writer is to freshen up a question of which all who study public affairs have been speaking and writing incessantly during the past thirty years. I have shown several things of an unsatisfactory nature connected with the leasehold system of London. These unsatisfactory features may be classified under two chief heads, viz., the economic advantage, and the power they bring to the site-owner. I hope it is made quite plain how a system which allows a site-owner to pocket the reversionary value of a building is an unjustifiable and an impolitic thing. As for the power which

such a site-owner wields, we have seen it in such instances as those of the shopkeepers referred to, and in the abuses to which its exercise leads systematically. But the evil consequences of this power are to be seen near and far: on the tenant directly, but very really also on the community, and most lamentably where the members of the community are humble and possess the least power of resistance. For the leasehold system is a system of tyranny tempered by the courage and ability of the people to resist uncurbed power. It cannot be defended because some owners are not tyrants.

I am writing, however, of the "land of London," and, of course, am not treating of the leaseholds by chance. The leasehold system is the most common feature in London of the exercise of ownership in land. The root vice of this tyranny is the assumption, unwarranted in law, it is true, that ownership in land is absolute, and as unlimited in the rights and powers it confers as, say, the possession of a pin. The leasehold system witnesses to this assumption being used by one citizen and his minions, using power to make many thousands as bare as they dare. It is plain that no attention to mere details of the terms of leases will suffice to eradicate the vice of this system. Practically absolute ownership of land is nowadays regarded by candid minds as a huge mistake of the past, which causes much suffering, some unforeseen, but wholly pernicious. To eradicate the vice the tenure of land should be made to minister to the needs of the population rather than to aggrandise any person, high or low; nor does it seem that that tenure will become satisfactory until the law shall reduce the expectations of the individual from land to the lowest point, by making the law such that not only shall ownership be discouraged, but possession by an individual subject to the needs of the community ascertained at a public inquiry. Anyway, the tale of our leases condemns that system, root and branch.

The Arnold Case and the Privy Council

By David Alec Wilson

THE difficulty in this case is that a plain true history must seem exaggeration. It begins in Mergui district, in the south of Burma, between Singapore and Rangoon, where many rubber plantations have been started recently. One of the plantation-starters was a Captain McCormick, who had been a trooper and obtained the title of Captain in South Africa. He came to Burma, and got grants of land for rubber. His plantation was a few miles from Victoria Point, a town at the extreme south of the district, with a small hospital in charge of a Hindu assistant surgeon, Daulat Ram. The resident magistrate was Mr. Buchanan, who had been a stipendiary magistrate since 1887, and after this case retired from Government service on the pension due to him. The Privy Council Court found that he had acted "in accordance with the best traditions of the service."

At Mergui town, about a hundred miles north, the district magistrate was Mr. Andrew. Mr. McCormick was on visiting and dining terms with Mr. Andrew, as well as with his superintendent of police, Captain Finnie, who also had been a trooper in South Africa. At McCormick's plantation and not far from his house was the house of his assistant, Mr. Clark, who had a native wife. In March, 1911, Mrs. Clark had living with her a little Mahommedan Malay girl called Aina, aged eleven or less. The child was small, but bright and willing, a little "slavey," but treated well. Mrs. Clark had given Aina's mother Fatima about two pounds in money and goods, and had undertaken to return Aina to her mother, whenever she herself went away.

Mr. McCormick afterwards admitted to the police that in March, 1911, he took Aina to his own house and "examined" her person and detained her. He refused her

to her friends. Aina's father sent for her in vain when he was dying, and died without seeing her again. It was only in July and to an inspector of police coming with a warrant that Mr. McCormick surrendered the child. The accuracy of the policeman's note was never questioned. It ran: "He admitted that he brought the girl Inna (Aina) away from Me Sone's (Mrs. Clark's) house as he understood that he had bought her, or rather that she had been bought for him by Me Sone (Mrs. Clark). The reason he gave was that he did it out of pure charity, hearing the girl was suffering from a dreadful dose of the 'clap.' . . . Asked him if he consented to my taking the girl Inna (Aina) back with me, he said 'Yes,' he would give her to an official like myself, but not to her mother. . . . Could not get Me Sone (Mrs. Clark) to give a definite reply to the question 'did she' or 'did she not' give her consent to Captain McCormick to the taking away of the girl Inna (Aina). . . ." The date of this was 14th July, 1911. Mr. Buchanan had sent the police for Aina as soon as Fatima, the child's mother, came and complained to him; but before then, on 3rd July, he had written to Mr. Andrew details of the rumours he had heard from the inspector of police and three other Europeans as well as a Mahommedan elder. "My own opinion," he wrote, "is that the girl is being kept on the estate to allow the traces of the offence, rape, to wear away." He asked that Captain Finnie be sent down to investigate; and so Captain Finnie came upon the scene, though he did not arrive till 18th July.

By that time Aina had been recovered and was accusing Mr. McCormick of rape. Captain Finnie told Mr. Buchanan it was a "funny" case, and rightly began by wanting the best medical evidence; but when Dr. Evers, the civil surgeon, a competent medical officer of good standing and repute, arrived at Victoria Point from Mergui, Captain Finnie told him "it was not necessary" to "examine" Aina and asked him nothing about her!

Mr. Buchanan had only to decide whether cognisance should be taken, *i.e.*, a warrant issued and magisterial inquiry held. The abduction seemed palpable, and he issued a warrant for it. Captain Finnie arrested McCormick, and obtained by telegraph the sanction of Mr. Andrew for his immediate release on his own recognisances.

Captain Finnie's conclusion was that the child had been prostituted, and tutored by her mother to make a false charge. At the same time Fatima was petitioning against Captain Finnie, alleging misinterpretation and that he was a friend of the man accused. Indeed it is remarkable that of all the officers who investigated this case, Mr. Buchanan alone appears to have had a working knowledge of the Malay language. He told Dr. Evers to look at the child, and Dr. Evers' report, as Sir Robert Finlay afterwards insisted unanswerably, showed that the child could never have been a prostitute, and might have been outraged. There was no venereal disease, but only rupture, and she was undeveloped. Mr. Buchanan examined as many of the Malay witnesses as there was time for, and reported that Mr. McCormick should be sent for trial by jury for both abduction and rape.

Mr. Andrew, however, had to determine that, and disregarding objections to himself also as a friend of McCormick, he held his inquiry on 21st, 22nd, and 23rd August at Mergui. Fatima says she was turned out of the Court when she objected to a man Musaji being employed to interpret what she and other Malay witnesses said. There was no doubt that Musaji, who acted as interpreter, was Mr. McCormick's agent and debtor, and Fatima was likely enough to say so at the time, but Mr. Andrew may not have understood her, as he did not know Malay. The case was practically tried in camera, as there was nobody present but a few officials and persons concerned in it. Mr. Andrew admitted that little Aina as a witness "was in court without a single person to support her" and "in tears." There was, indeed a Court Inspector present, paid by the Government to prosecute, but he stood idle. Nobody conducted the prosecution, and many of the witnesses named by Mr. Buchanan were not examined at all, including even the civil surgeon, Dr. Evers. Mr. Andrew found that the little girl of eleven or less was "well known to be 'wrong,'" and polluted by venereal disease, and that Mr. McCormick had taken possession of her for "pure and philanthropic motives." He refused to commit Mr. McCormick for trial, and not only discharged him, but entertained him to dinner two days later, to show that he had been the victim of an "infamous conspiracy."

Truth remarked on 22nd April, 1914: "It will be a grave injustice to the Indian Civil Service if it is supposed for a moment that such scandalous doings as those brought to light in the Channing Arnold case are at all common." In arguing before the Privy Council, I offered to abandon Mr. Arnold's appeal if the admitted irregularities of Mr. Andrew could be matched. For example, Mr. Andrew had not based on medical evidence what he wrote about the child Aina. On the contrary, Daulat Ram had told him she had probably been raped. And he had not questioned Dr. Evers at all! Yet his finding about the child, if believed, meant social ruin not only to the child herself, but also to her mother Fatima and all Fatima's family, because the Mahommedans thereabouts make it a point of honour that their women are never prostituted. It was probably this part of Mr. Andrew's performance which most excited the Mahommedans. But the excitement was not confined to any creed or class. It was a European in Mergui district who at once wrote a long letter to Mr. Arnold, then editor of the *Rangoon Times*, describing the case as "a most disgraceful and cruel one."

Mr. Arnold is a son of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," and other books. His mother was Sir Edwin's second wife, a niece of the famous American, Dr. W. E. Channing. He is an Oxford man, about forty, and in 1909 he had gone to Rangoon to edit the daily *Rangoon Times*. Such a letter as came to him about the McCormick case, full of sensational proceedings in courts, was of great value to any Rangoon editor, for the Rangoon papers often get the best of their local news in that very way. Without compromising himself in the least, Mr. Arnold might have made a great deal out of it, printing as much of it as was not actionable, making paragraphs, and diligently printing all the evidence as it reached him. But "British Justice" seemed to him more important than anything else, and in his eagerness to "bear the white man's burden" he was only too ready to sacrifice his immediate interests. So he made no journalistic use of matter which he might have used to swell his circulation, but had the letter copied to conceal the identity of the writer, and sent it to the Lieut.-Governor, on 8th September, 1911.

By the end of that month he ceased to edit the *Rangoon*

Times, and after three months' interval, became editor and proprietor of the *Burma Critic*. In March, 1912, he published an article on "Alleged grave scandals," which brought him a letter of inquiry from the Lieut.-Governor. In the correspondence which followed, he pleaded hard for the trial of McCormick "in the interests of the Empire," and disclosed all he knew with the frankness of a gentleman dealing with gentlemen he could trust. Thus he disclosed the reliance he put on the misinterpretation of evidence and mentioned he had copies of the telegrams which passed between Andrew and Finnie while Finnie was at Victoria Point. He was told that the Lieut.-Governor had examined Mr. Andrew's proceedings and been satisfied. It was only on 28th April, when it was certain that the people were to be "left cursing" by officialdom and no more done, that Mr. Arnold published the articles for which he is now being mercilessly smashed—"A Mockery of British Justice." When his articles led to questions in the House of Commons, and the House was requested to suspend judgment as the matter was pending trial, hardly anyone suspected what was really happening, that it was only the honest editor who denounced misdoings in the courts, who was being criminally prosecuted.

Mr. Arnold communicated to me in advance his fears that he might not get a fair trial; and though I had never seen his face, his fine candour and righteous indignation attracted me. I had just retired from Burma, and read everything sent me. Perceiving he was not in the least likely to be convicted if legally tried, I told him to trust Sir Charles Fox, the Chief Judge.

Mr. Arnold had taken a bold line in his articles. He accused Mr. McCormick of the offences imputed, and declared that he would have been sent for trial but that his friends Mr. Andrew and Captain Finnie had conspired to screen him. When brought to trial, Mr. Arnold was eager to prove all that.

The trial had some ugly bits, such as Captain Finnie denying to the magistrate that he had seen Dr. Evers at Victoria Point, and then being unable to remember, while Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Andrew contradicted each other. But the feature of the case was that Sir Charles Fox would

not admit any evidence of McCormick's conduct, and the other surrounding facts. Thus he would not let Dr. Evers or Daulat Ram say to the jury what they thought of the rape, and would not let the Malay witnesses repeat to the jury what Mr. Arnold said had been misinterpreted. He would not let the telegraph master tell about the telegrams that passed between Andrew and Finnie. Nevertheless, an acquittal was universally expected, and the betting for it was 100 to 1, until the judge delivered his charge to the jury. As Sir Robert Finlay argued, if he was right in excluding the defence evidence of such facts as the rape and so on, he must be wrong in discoursing on these very facts. Surely a charge should be based on the evidence of both sides! As for his misstatements of the law, take only as a sample the one that has disturbed many parents in Burma. He ruled that Mr. McCormick committed no offence by denying Aina to her parents. "The father and mother" could only "bring a civil action." It is a pity that the Privy Council Court ignored Sir Robert Finlay's arguments that this was bad law. It would be difficult to exaggerate the horror it has caused. "Surely, he has no children," the shuddering people are saying. One cannot but be sorry for them. The ruling seems to anxious parents like giving free license to the stealing and selling of little girls, a crying evil in Burma. Thus, to use the phrase of Sir Robert Finlay, the judge "did not give the jury a chance," and Mr. Arnold was convicted of defaming Mr. Andrew, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment on 19th October, 1912. "Any bail" was offered, and rejected. No local appeal was permitted and nothing was possible legally but the expensive appeal to the Privy Council Court in London. To complete the unfortunate editor's ruin, a civil suit, still pending, was simultaneously pressed against him in the name of Captain Finnie, and both civil and criminal proceedings are paid for by public money.

To any European who is an "enemy of Government," Rangoon jail in October is worse than Siberia, involving humiliation and suffering, and danger of illness or death. Mr. Arnold was not expected to hold out for a week. An apology and prayer for mercy would have meant his instant release. But no word escaped him. At least one high

official went to visit him in prison, and was held at a distance with stiff politeness. The natives called him a "martyr" and expected him to die. But conscience bore him up. For four months the popular excitement lasted, reverberating through Asia, dividing attention there with the war in Turkey. In every village of Burma men had time to repeat their favourite saw, worth learning in English:

> "The five great evils, never beneficials,
> Are Famine, Plague and War, Thieves and Officials."

The most corrupt of the native "dogs-in-office" had time to argue—"Behold, the whites are worse than we!" Mr. Arnold was let out on the day before his application to the Privy Council was to be heard, 18th February, 1913. With a magnanimity that made him an honour to his profession, he told the crowds awaiting him to have faith in the righteousness of the English Government.

The rich natives had been terror-stricken and impotent. A few had ventured to write to me. It was largely the poor—another novelty—who came forward and subscribed. The appeal was brought by their help and the magnanimity of Sir Robert Finlay, who gave Mr. Arnold such advocacy as a millionaire could hardly have purchased.

On 27th February, 1914, the news reached Rangoon that the Privy Council Court had reserved judgment; and the Mahommedans went to their mosques to pray for Mr. Arnold's success, and among the Buddhists, as far north as Mandalay, the interest was "intense."

On 7th April Lord Shaw read a judgment, dismissing the appeal, and reiterating as the foundation of its argument that "all" the libels, "so far as they were assertions of fact, were admitted to be false." When he had finished, I rose and begged leave to remind their Lordships that neither my learned leader (Sir Robert Finlay) nor myself had ever made any such admission. We only did not allege that the libels were true. His Lordship accepted the correction, saying that if I cared to make such a distinction then, I could do so. No more was said. The correction pulverised their argument. The evidence to prove the truth of all the libels had been excluded by Sir Charles Fox at the trial, and so was not upon the record. Many of the details of the libels were established beyond

a doubt, and under the Indian Penal Code "good faith" was a sufficient defence. That was why it was impossible and needless to allege "the whole truth" in the Privy Council Court. But there is a great difference between not alleging the truth of all the libels, and admitting that all the libels were false!!!

Their Lordships say that they do not share Mr. Andrew's opinion about the purity and philanthropy of Mr. McCormick; but for the rest, their judgment has several mistakes of fact, as in speaking of the letter first sent him as "published," and has a blunder in law which helps to explain the amazing blunder in logic. They presume Mr. Arnold had to plead justification at Rangoon in the same way as in London, whereas he was only required to plead guilty or not guilty. There is no room here, however, to go into details further, and it is needless. The peoples of Burma and India have been discussing this case as France did the Dreyfus case, but with more agreement. In future every disappointed litigant will say—"I must have been right if the Privy Council is against me—it dismissed the appeal of Mr. Arnold." If hitherto their Lordships' Court has appeared like a celestial object in the sky, henceforward it shall seem like an aeroplane which has come to the ground, a cranky machine, and worked by fallible men.

Indeed it has to be confessed, and their Lordships perhaps have often themselves uneasily felt, that their court is the most unequal and most expensive in the Empire. It hangs like an incubus over all the provinces of India, worse than the Court of Chancery in the days of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. Even when its judgments were written by a Lord MacNaghten, and were documents as fine as can be found in legal literature, recalling Milton at times, even then I have seen, in case after case in Burma since 1890, that the cost in time and money of the appeals to London was disastrous, often ruinous, to nearly all the litigants. The burden becomes unbearable altogether when confidence is lost.

Here is another case that may well make lawyers think of Chancery at its worst. It was decided on 7th April, 1914, the very day of the decision in the Arnold case, by Lord Moulton, and the same Right Honourables Mr. Ameer Ali and Sir John Edge who assisted at the

Arnold appeal. It is Privy Council Appeal 27 of 1913 (Chandri Abdul Majid *v.* Jawahir Lal and others). The facts were undisputed. J. L. and Co. were mortgagees, C. A. M. was mortgagor. The mortgage was dated 1868. In 1889 J. L. and Co. sued to enforce the mortgage, and in 1890 obtained a decree. C. A. M. appealed, and in 1893 the High Court confirmed the decree in favour of J. L. and Co. Then C. A. M. got leave to appeal to the Privy Council, and in 1901 that appeal was dismissed for default. In 1909 J. L. and Co. applied for and obtained an order for sale, and once more C. A. M. started appealing, this time on the ground that the original decree was now time-barred. Again the Indian Courts decided against him, holding very reasonably that time should run from 1901, when the appeal to the Privy Council had been dismissed; but the Privy Council absurdly held that their order of 1901 "did not deal judicially with the matter of the suit." So they said that limitation must run, not from 1901, but from 1893. Thus J. L. and Co., after being busy in the Courts from 1889 till 1914 suing upon a mortgage plainly valid, and coming twice to London, have lost everything. If this had happened to business men in London to-day, and the Appeal Court so behaving was sitting at Calcutta, would not the most loyal and conservative of business men be full of the rage that runs to sedition? Surely, then, we should assist our Indian fellow-subjects to rid themselves of such an incubus. If there must be any Appeal Court outside each province, let it be at Delhi, and not London any more, and in all ways let the administration of justice be quickened, cheapened, and improved.

There is room for improvement. "The last guess" is what Asiatics call the decision of any final court of appeal. They are not so gullible as we imagine. For the sedition we bitterly complain about we have ourselves to blame. "Heaven makes no mistakes," the Chinese sages say, and only men do wrong. With this important qualification about men, the best minds in Asia would agree that whatever is, is right; and maybe we may yet agree with them that there is nothing certain which is incompatible with our fathers' faith in eternal providence. As I listened to Lord Shaw reading the judgment in the Arnold case, I was thinking—"It may be providential. In a year or

two, there will hardly be a Burman or an Indian but will want to see appealing to the Privy Council stopped; and if the continuance of this Court were put to a referendum in the East, there might be a few thousands wanting it, and many millions against it." It is humiliating to reflect that nobody at all would want it for any reason but—distrust of our judges on the spot.

Meanwhile, however the Courts may be arranged, I appeal to all the decent men and women in Britain to stop the persecution of Mr. Arnold by our bureaucrats, to veto further proceedings, and insist on compensation to him. Thus can we show our Asiatic fellow-subjects that we sympathise with their devotion to the family life, and share their admiration for an honest English journalist, who has faced ruin in seeking justice for a little orphan girl and helpless widow. Even the Privy Council Court does not defend the sentence. It was the kind of sentence which Montaigne would have described as "worse than any crime."

Mr. Asquith's Duty

By the Editor

It is satisfactory to find that in the Amending Bill a formula of truce has been found which opens the way to a statesmanlike and decent solution. Sane men, on both sides, will agree that it is high time. The game has gone far enough. Honours are easy. As a situation, national and international, England is making herself ridiculous. In a word, we have at last worried down to the bottom facts and to the logic of their confrontation, which leaves the Government with but two alternative policies. It is no longer a question for philosophical compromise, barter, or adventitious conjuncture. The bare logic of the Home Rule problem, as it stands before the rifles of a fanatical, bigoted Ulster, resolves itself into this. Either the Government, determined to be a Government, proceeds with the imposition of the Nationalist Irish policy by force, and at all costs, in which case there will be Civil War, or it concedes to Ulster the guarantees which the Protestants in those parts deem to be their rightful due, and so settles by peace.

Apart from motives of Party, political dignity, self-assertion, or even honourable pledge, there can be no question which of the two policies must, and will eventually, be chosen by the present Government, if only from the utterly ludicrous and untenable position it would find itself in, pilloried as the party of peace and human liberty waging war upon their own people and their own co-religionists in the name of Rome and Apostolic government. As, moreover, there is nothing to gain by bloodshed; as England, herself, is only theoretically concerned with, or even interested in, the Home Rule question; as there is no *enemy* to thrash, no spoil to reap, in short, nothing temporal or spiritual to be gained by rekindling the blood-lust

of old-time fighting Christianity; so, on the other hand, there is everything to be won by peace, including the lasting crown of statesmanship. About this there can be no two opinions. It is not the policy or purpose of Liberalism to thrust an avenging policy upon the North Irish, or to dragoon them into sullen obedience. The whole principle and object of Home Rule being peace—to give peace, prosperity, and national usefulness to Ireland—it would seem the summit of unreason to seek to bring that issue to pass by war and, indeed, folly to attempt it. As the Prussification of German Poland has failed even through intermarriage and the prohibition of the national tongue, so would the compulsory Nationalisation of Ulster fail. It is not in these days (as a civilised policy) to be thought of. If Ulster is resolved to oppose Home Rule, obviously, as a policy, it is unpractical. Why seek to impose it? We, who are wise, may know that Ulster is wrong, ignorant, short-sighted, what not. It is a pity. Let us do what we can to bring the Ulstermen to the water, as we have done, still we cannot make them drink. There can be no Civil War about Home Rule. The thing is idiotic. There won't be Civil War.

Politically viewed, it is an annoying admittance to have to make, and in the ordinary way might be unthinkable. To grant Home Rule, and leave Ulster out, no doubt on paper looks like weakness; and, in the circumstances, yielding before armed opposition, bears the outward semblance of defeat. That, however, is only superficially the case. The real question is—what is the result of concession; will it be constructive or the reverse? Now as the entire Irish policy is constructive in conception—and Home Rulers believe it so to be—equally constructive is thus any step which facilitates that end. Civil War, factional rebellion, and chaos would, on the other hand, be obstructive, as, if carried out relentlessly, it must prove destructive and fatal. The torso of Home Rule may have the appearance of a half-policy, may give rise to the temporary stigma of failure and submission, but in reality, as the Ulstermen would themselves admit, it would be an advance, an accomplishment, a reality which would proclaim and justify itself. For this is plain. So long as Ulster is determined to resist

Home Rule, so long will it be humanly impossible to force it upon her. All physical force policy in that direction is consequently demonstrably negational, and must by the nature of things so be. On the other hand, the establishment of an Irish Parliament, even with the Protestant counties completely excluded, would, by virtue of the fact of it, denote a Liberal victory. More than that even politicians cannot aspire to. The real fact is that as the goal of the Irish policy can only be attained through peace, by the process, that is, of natural evolution and common agreement, so the means towards the realisation of that end are of the merest temporary political importance, provided always that they are honourable and consonant with a people's dignity.

In truth, the solution—the ways and means to give Ireland a Parliament and Ulster the necessary guarantees—is purely a tactical question, one which affects neither the honour of a Liberalism which yields to the demands of Ulster, nor of a Conservatism which accepts the claims of Nationalism. What is quite certain is that the Government must see their Irish policy through, but, as sure as that, is also the sister truth that coercion can play no part in it. There is no motive for such coercion; as a policy it is unfeasible. Without doubt, the cardinal blunder lay in the initial Liberal estimate of the Protestant resistance. It is always dangerous to underrate the opposition. In the case of Ulster it was fatal. The fact must be acknowledged. Bluntly, honestly, the conscience of Ulster must be respected, approved. Our schoolboy Party attitude must give place to sanity and prescience. Liberalism has nothing to lose by the acknowledgment of Ulster's will. There is no prize money in the business, nothing whatever to be got out of the big stick. It is a case where the traditional doggedness of the race is sheer stupidity, where assertion of the representative rights of authority would be crass incompetence and criminality, where, in the old phrase, when ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to seek to be wise.

The wisdom of Ulster will come, as it generally does, with time, and that is about all we can hope for—all we

need hope for. Almost of a certainty Ireland will find it difficult enough to rule herself. Imagination fails before the vista of a Catholic Ireland seeking to legislate in the teeth of a fanatically hostile Protestant opposition; the political condylomata of such a situation border on the grotesque and are indeed unthinkable. That being admittedly so, the prospects of mediæval religious warfare in Ireland being, in fine, beyond the scruples of either Pope or Protestant park orator, the blessings of peace must necessarily be preferred by any Government dependent upon popular suffrage, as must be the evolutionary means which ensure them. Short of letting the Nationalists have their own right of will upon Ulster, the Government have literally no alternative. Short of war, there must be peace —all idea of a pawky deal at a round table must be abandoned; but if the only way to bring about peace is to relinquish the idea of force, then it is for the politicians who now rule us to see to it.

We may be confident that they will. In all this, the psychological moment has been curiously overlooked, the idiosyncrasy of the Irish. Perhaps we English don't understand the Irish. Certainly we have neglected the natural stubbornness of an island people, the simple fact that Ireland is separated from us by water, as we have neglected to cross it. The Cabinet ought to have studied the question on the spot. There should be no reason why even now the Cabinet should not go across the Channel, visit the seat of opposition, mingle with the people, learn to understand the spirit of their policy, satisfy themselves, at any rate, of its genuineness, of its unanimity, of its conscientiousness. As before said, Ulster is not an enemy of England; it hasn't even a flag, a charter, or so much as a Civic licence. The whole question is thus unique, requiring obviously special treatment. Moreover, it is not the Government of England that Ulster is defying, but in reality the Government of Ireland. That is the quintessential point to have in mind. To force a nationality upon an alien people has always proved a most difficult task, but the Irish are not an alien people; they talk our own language, in Ulster they worship even our own God— why, then, in the name of the Devil seek to give them what

they do not want? To denationalise one's own people is a novelty in State reason. And assuredly it can only be done by consent.

The difficulty seems to hang chiefly upon the time limit, which besides being ungracious in the way of a concession, is a petty contrivance calculated to offend—and useless even as an expedient. All time limit must be abandoned. What is needed now is Governmental courage. The Eton jacket spirit must yield to the larger vision of adult expediency. That Mr. Asquith will win his way to that enlightened view we feel little doubt, and when he does not only will the Home Rule question be settled, but the Prime Minister will be crowned with glory. He must meet the Covenanters in their own spirit. It is not in reality a matter of Party politics or even Party victory: the Irish question is National and must be so decided. The question whether Mr. Bonar Law waves his cap in the air is of no significance; neither does it matter what the hotheads on either side have to say in response. The Prime Minister has one clear and manly course before him, a course in which he will be followed by the entire intelligence and sanity of the nation. It is to settle the question by consent —to give the Nationalists Home Rule, to give Ulster the necessary guarantees, even to the exclusion of the whole. Let him do this, and Liberalism will have achieved a triumph which will stand to its lasting fame, and as exemplar to all peoples. All dictates of common-sense point towards such a decision. It is an opportunity which comes to few Statesmen. It is an opportunity which will never return to him.

Of course, the equipoise of common-sense applies to both sides, but again, be it remembered, this is a National question. It may be assumed that Sir Edward Carson is in earnest, that the men he leads are in earnest, that, therefore, subject to honourable conditions, the straightforward offer of the Prime Minister will be met honourably. We believe this to be the case. The English Unionist side of the matter need not be considered. Conservatism has only tacked itself on to Ulster as a fighting policy; the opposition comes directly from Ulster. It is therefore National in

its incidence upon politics and not factional. As a fact, the day that Ulster accepts Home Rule in Dublin, the Party opposition at Westminster suffers a crushing defeat, and once more the Unionists will have shown themselves as the obstructionists of progress and the larger liberty now manifesting itself throughout civilisation. In any case, the statesmanlike move is the right course. If Unionism, led astray by bitterness and short-sighted motives of policy, refuse the Liberal offer by insisting upon irrelevant and impossible conditions, then Mr. Asquith's task is equally clear, and it will be to go sternly to the end with his policy. But this, for the very reason that Ulster's opposition is honourable, we do not anticipate for a moment; moreover, it would be madness, because necessarily impotent, even as opposition. That being so, Liberalism can afford to be generous, since force politics on either side must fail.

For the nonce, the idea of an undivided Ireland must be shelved, as, on the other hand, blind opposition on the part of Unionism must give place to prudence. The rejection of Mr. Asquith's offer would reverse the position of responsibility and obloquy; and as no Liberal Government can afford to levy Civil War, so, to-day, can no Conservative power compel it; that is the central peace factor in the situation. The people will not stand for war on this Irish question, and the people are right. Both sides, of course, know that; both sides in the end must accept it. If the Unionists are foolish enough to use the Ulster question as the means to compel a fighting issue, the blood and the consequences will fall on their heads. Such criminal folly need not be contemplated. The results of such a policy would shake the whole fabric of our Constitution and Crown; we may dismiss the idea with confidence. Extremism on either side can only lead to disaster, but almost equally dangerous and flagitious is the policy of the half-measure. Meta-politics will achieve nothing in a crisis like this, the time for haggling and procrastination is past: the Government must make good. And this it can do easily enough by bringing in now, before more time is lost and deeper bitterness is engendered, the Amending Bill

excluding Ulster from the operation of the Home Rule Bill without a time limit.

This is Mr. Asquith's manifest duty. His office is to ensure the peace of the country. As in business it is a wise man who knows when to "cut the loss," so in politics he is a true statesman who knows when the flood-gates of passion are full. They are full to-day. Let him free himself from the obsession of subservient allegiance to Nationalist vindictiveness which has been the cause of the whole blunder. The problem is not how the Irish question is settled, but to settle it. We know that it can be settled by the exclusion of Ulster. To refuse that solution for any reason of principle, Party pledge, or conception of indebtedness would be, in the peculiar circumstances of a situation which is unique in history, a crime to the people of this country: who, when all is said and done, are only too anxious to give the Irish a fair start and opportunity. To initiate that new era by the creation of an all-divided Ireland would be like carrying the old brimstone of our grandfathers to the floors of heaven. The index of modern statecraft is against it. Uranian Wars are out of date. That is why we say: give Catholic Ireland her chance, and let the Protestants of Ulster join in the good work when and as they please. For this is certain, and again it is a matter of psychology, the Ulstermen will soon want their right of say in Dublin. The thing is to let Ireland work out her own destiny in this world as in the next. Mr. Asquith has but to screw his courage to the sticking place, and Englishmen, and the Liberal idea, and even a united Ireland, will live to do him honour.

The Stage in Paris and London

A VISIT to Paris always has a tonic effect upon a man, if only because it corrects his perspective and, refreshing his digestive system, permits him to look on his own country with a keener, critical faculty. At this moment, with Paris delirious about our King, a comparison between the French and English Theatre seems opportune; from our point of view even welcome, because for the first time it may confidently be said that, intellectually, Paris has nothing better to offer on the stage than London has, if, indeed, it has as much, except, of course, so far as the actors are concerned, who unquestionably still maintain an untarnished superiority. To be sure, we have nothing like the acting at the Français; we have no Lavalière, we can put up no equivalent to the beauty of diction, the felicity of manner, the easy unconsciousness, of the Parisian stage; nor have we in our theatres as much variety, intensity, eccentricity, or perversity as the most uncomfortable, dirty, and ill-ventilated theatres in Europe can boast of: nor are our prices quite as high. But there the difference ends. The fare of the Paris theatres to-day is the precise counterpart of our own, and there is little to choose between them.

The cinema is as popular in Paris as it is here. If we can point to the welter of commercial musical comedy, Paris has its ruck of Reviews which, though far wittier than ours, keenly topical and amusing as they are, cannot be said to make any serious claim to art or to possess any other significance than that of entertainment. Of the old Bohemian Carbaret little remains, little distinctive or artistic. The red Moulin Rouge still looks gaudy enough by night, but inside it is a very tattered and mechanical quadrille that a few utterly bored and unlovely females step to, and, for the rest, it might be our own "Empire." The tango has given the last kick to Bohemia; modern, Americanised, Argentined Paris has cosmopolitanised what remained of theatrical Fifi, which has now taken to the Furlana. All

that side of Paris is played out; money has destroyed its art; Socialism has made it ridiculous; the Apache and his girl are the logical protest against the inundation of international Plutocracy, the survival of the fittest.

On the serious stage, there is, of course, the French farce, the funny exposition of adultery, the *ménage à trois*, the cuckold, the woman with her lovers: scenes in bed, behind screens, but all entirely wooden, mechanical, set pieces of human drollery, carried off, explained, and indeed rendered innocuous by the national spirit of raillery which recognises the foibles of sex and has agreed to make light of them. These things are wonderfully well acted, especially by the women; but as works of art they are negligible, and, after our fashion, we have as good.

Positively, the best production at Paris this season is the marvellous performance of Molière's *Les Femmes Savantes*—the fact is not without significance. Reproduced the other day, it was acclaimed by all intellectual Paris as an event, and it proves how curiously conservative the French public is. The play, with its delightful banter, wit, style, satire, and grace of expression, might have been written to-day; so appositely it seems to sum up woman's position in the modern world, so tartly it cuts into her vanities. It was applauded as if it were a novelty. Impossible to imagine a finer performance. Molière. Yes; old Molière, still supreme in Paris, with all the old mechanical scenes and devices, played in the old traditional manner of the Français! And eminently successful. Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw—these men have never "gone down" in Paris, which demands form, technique rather than intellect, preferring Molière any day to *Ghosts*, looking on the stupendous art force opened up by the Scandinavians with suspicion and innate dislike. And after Molière it is difficult for the Englishman in search of the great French play to know where to go to. Having seen his Molière, he can go to the Moulin Rouge, and see a woman entirely naked but for an inch band of silk hanging from across her hips, in plastic attitudinising—a beautifully formed woman, too, whose exhibition is entirely pleasing and inoffensive, as all beautiful things must be. But after that, even the gentleman who accosts him outside Cook's office would have to scratch his head.

Literally, there is no great play. *The Clever Ones* is as good as any Bernstein play. Mr. Zangwill's *Melting Pot* is humanly finer than any French piece now on. *Potash and Perlmutter* is far more cosmic and artistically advanced than the footling mechanical vaudeville affair Mme. Lavalière makes so entertaining. There is no play better than *The Great Adventure*. The review at the Théâtre Féminin is wittier than *Pygmalion*, it is true, but then it is a review and excels chiefly through its *rosserie*. There is no "hit" like Mr. Arnold Bennett's productions. One looks in vain for the intellectual play, for the modern drama, say, on the plane of Galsworthy, of Maeterlinck, of Hauptmann, or Wedekind. Except in the houses where you laugh, where Madame wears wonderful nightdresses and sex is the medium of entertainment, there are no plays of any distinction other than that of technique, which is the chief thing looked for and appraised. An intellectual blight hangs over the whole Parisian stage. Sarah is still playing l'Aiglon. There is the Guignol, of course; and Antoine still pursues his solitary way. Otherwise nothing, except *le rire* and woman; shown off in every conceivable position and condition, naked, half naked, three-quarters naked, dressed and undressed, dressing and undressing, very charming, very amusing, yet not exactly art, so that one may truly say of the Parisian stage, "*plus on s'amuse, plus c'est la même chose.*"

Whether Carpentier has knocked out French theatrical art remains to be seen; at the present, however, there is no doubt that he holds the boards. He and the Tango, the cinema and the French woman. The foreigner of taste comes away from Paris with but three theatrical impressions—Molière, naked women, and the all-round acting. Even adultery has got worn out as a theme; they are trying to sentimentalise it. We may look at our own playbills somewhat aghast at the strange titles of the plays, but Paris has even stranger titles: *After the Girl* is only Anglo-Saxon for *Viens donc z'ouïr*; we are not so truthful or so picturesque as the French, that is all. As for the Opera, well, hats off to Sir Joseph Beecham! The fact is our drama is trying, whereas the French stage is not. It is just the old, old thing kept alive and varied only by the genius of the players. Even the Français is felt to be in

jeopardy. Will the new generation keep up the traditions? Will the young people of to-day continue to believe that Molière and Racine were the only dramatists who ever existed? That is the question exercising the minds of criticism and the "Old Guard." And it seems a moot question. It is part of the talk of the *salons*. It is one of the national problems. On the whole, we in England have reason to be comforted.

"*A moi les femmes*," the refrain of a popular Parisian nigger's song, is certainly capturing part of our stage, which is a good thing economically, because it provides employment for our women. On the other hand, we are far more open to innovation than the French; we have the nucleus of far more writing talent. The "superior" dramatic inquirer will find nothing but disillusionment in the artificial French theatre; in England, at least, he will find the beginnings of something like an intellectual and free national drama. If the French actresses decided to put clothes on, half the Parisian theatres would have to shut down. If they ever decide here to take them off, we might have to open three dozen playhouses more, and that would mean thirty-six chances more for our aspiring dramatists. As in most questions, the question of the future of the stage in both countries seems thus to hang upon the explicit caprice of their women.

S. O.

Books

ART

THE ART OF SPIRITUAL HARMONY. By WASSILY KANDINSKY. Translated by M. T. H. SADLER. (Constable.)

In his own country Kandinsky has made a considerable reputation, and his claim is that he has learnt to "paint music." In other words, he has isolated emotion; he seeks to compose regardless of representative association; in short, he would give us spiritual sympathy in lieu of the static reproduction of the old masters. Here we have, none the less, a reasonable exposition of the views of the so-called modern school, for Kandinsky is unquestionably a thinker, and has conscientiously set himself to evolve and explain the new movement on a plane which shall be intelligible to the layman. To give painting the value of sound or music may seem an impossible task, if only because the one is necessarily a visible art, whereas music is inevitably invisible: yet there it is, put down in a nice little volume which has a real interest because it is obviously sincere and admittedly merely an attempt to find the first values of a new thing. In all this the soul plays a formidable part, and there is much rather nebulous talk of spiritual composition and improvisation, as if all past art had been devoid of this essential quality, either intellectual or emotional. Kandinsky realises that the new art is still groping for formulæ and expression; he proclaims that the message is more important than its form. Here he is right. It is a question which time will solve whether, in seeking to musicalise painting, he and his followers are not trying to square the circle. We think they are. Still, this is an honest work, and we are glad to note that Kandinsky impresses upon his schoolmen that even "neo-painters" must suffer rather than prosper in the lap of commercialism.

BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. By KATHARINE O'SHEA. 2 vols. (Cassell.)

THIS is a book of Memoirs which is at once a sensation and a lesson, and we advise the British hypocritical public to read it. They will find the true story of that rare thing, a real lover, told by the victim with courage and a disarming ingenuousness, so that on putting the book down the author stands out in the light of a heroine who assuredly was very badly treated. Such a work is a curious reflection on what is called morality and must put a feeling of shame in our hearts. So far as it is personal, it tells simply of a great love, of a wonderful tenderness, of a noble fortitude, baring the soul of Parnell as one of the great lovers of the world. It tells how his friends turned upon him, how Mr. Gladstone, "finding at last some use for his religion," forsook Parnell as basely as Judas forsook Christ; how the politicians of the day, men who had known for years of the intimacy uniting Parnell to the author, who had used her secretly and officially as a go-between between him and Mr. Gladstone, had not the decency to stand by him when their love relationship was found out. How rare moral courage is, how vile human nature! It cannot to-day be pleasant reading for those of our politicians who took part in Parnell's humiliation; it makes one feel that the less said about Mr. Gladstone's halo the better.

The letters of Parnell are interesting, if of no literary charm. As a document of the inner life of a great man, of Parnell, they are of permanent value; and we find this "cold, hard, enigmatical" man to be the most gentle of men, simple-minded at heart, interested in science and all practical sides of life, no artist, for sure, disliking music, pictures, even books, a man of inflexible singleness of purpose, of unflinching honesty, superb as fighter and lover, the full male. In any other country but England the love affair of Parnell would not have damaged him publicly in the least, any more than Goethe's love episodes damage his poetry here. The appearance of this work shows, at any rate, that we are acquiring some sense of proportion in sex matters; but it is a comic reflection to think of the fuss made about Parnell, and the Kipling-esque jingoism of approval of the Boer War which was purely a commercial and sordid undertaking. Money, of course, is

another matter. And that is the moral of this confession which otherwise might be considered indelicate. As it is, the book must be welcomed. Martyred for love! Such was Parnell's fate. Well, it was the fate of Jesus too. We can read now all about Parnell's love and philosophise for or against him. Some of us may not improbably question whether Parnell's love was not a truer thing than Mr. Gladstone's and the Catholics' cowardice. To-day with the Home Rule crisis before us we may draw from it a lesson in humility, conceivably even a little charity. But why does the author retain the name O'Shea?

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A History of Penal Methods. By George Ives. Stanley Paul. 10*s.* 6*d.*

One is sometimes asked by a friend to recommend a book for week-end reading—a novel, preferably. Well, there is usually some fresh novel worth buying on the bookstalls, but for the next month or so we propose to recommend this volume of Mr. Ives, telling our friend not to be alarmed by its scientific title, but to plunge boldly into the pages. He will find them as enthralling as any work of fiction.

It is a terrible indictment, this history of penal methods—an indictment of the imbecile brutality of man towards man. The author has a horror of what goes on behind walls; wherever there are enclosing walls, he says, there are certain to be abuses behind them. And he lets us see a little of these abuses—a revolting nightmare!

From the treatment of prisoners in the Middle Ages he passes on to the last century, when a child of thirteen was condemned to death for stealing a spoon, and duly executed; when among those sentenced to the hulks were twenty persons under sixteen years of age. . . . We are changing all this, none too soon. But it is well to remember that the very worst features of imprisonment were only elaborated in the pharisaical nineteenth century. That is one point which comes out clearly from a perusal of the evidence. And another noteworthy feature is the reactionary attitude of the Church. It is quite impossible to avoid the conclusion that but for the crazy ethics engendered by

the Christian religion the foulest of these modern crimes against our fellow-creatures would never have been perpetrated. Theology has left the mark of the Beast upon our Statute Book, blighting our sense of right and wrong and making us capable of actions which would revolt a Hottentot.

We would have liked to dwell more fully upon the latter chapters, wherein, having cleared the ground, the writer makes some constructive suggestions that should be pondered by all who have the welfare of mankind at heart, but must content ourselves with again warmly recommending his work. It reflects the greatest credit on the author; testifying, as it does, to the most painstaking research, independence of judgment, and golden humanity. Mr. Ives is a truth-seeker, and has written a book which cleanses and chastens the mind.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Vol. x., THE AGE OF JOHNSON. Cambridge University Press. 9*s.* net.

If the age with which the previous volume dealt, in this patient and stately procession of volumes in a well-nigh heroic achievement, could fitly be spoken of as rapaciously journalistic, this present age is not less rapaciously creative. It is an age of mighty beginnings. A great and various mass of creative interests begin to look forward from this time. It is not only great in achievement, but great in the beginnings of subsequent achievement. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Gray, Collins, Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Hume, Gibbon, Adam Smith, and Dr. Butler and the Wesleys, may with some show of justice be considered as a fairly happy cluster for the reach of one volume. But, on the other hand also, what a variety of modern interests date from this time. The Novel, Biography, History in its modern ambitions, the Art of Letter-writing, Sociology, and Poetry that began to be occupied with a poetic content, all actively, and all in a wholly new sense, begin now to look onward. It is the misfortune of the symposium-method of writing history that this wider relation is lost. It is left to our imaginations to perceive the strenuous activity that is, at such times, communicated from one writer to another. In the two opening chapters, on "Richardson," by M. Louis Cazamian,

and on "Fielding and Smollett," by Mr. Harold Child, we catch some hints of this. We see Fielding incited, if not inspired, by Richardson (to Richardson's no small hurt of mind), and Smollett engaging in open, avowed, and acrimonious rivalry with Fielding. Both of these chapters suffer by being too much in the nature of summaries; and each writer is too careful to avoid the other's subject; yet, in spite of this, these human interests peep through. But what prevailed among the novelists prevailed also in its degree among all the writers. The "History of Tom Jones," running through its many volumes, was not for nothing written at the same time as the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in its respective and heroic succession of volumes. Sir A. W. Ward himself undertakes Gibbon, and it is one of the best essays in the volume. Dr. William Hunt is compelled to be chiefly catalogic in the massing of the other historians of the period, including Hume, into the small space of one chapter. It is not for nothing that probably the two most interesting chapters in this volume, the two most interesting for their own sakes, are the two whose subjects permit of discursive treatment, and where, therefore, the restraint of the catalogic is not felt. Professor W. P. Ker on "The Literary Influence of the Middle Ages," and Mr. Shaw on "The Literature of Dissent," have, manifestly, open charter to wander; and in the result they throw a great deal of light on the age with which they deal that would not have been possible had their scope been restricted to a single name. It would, we suggest, be a wiser method of editing if such articles were more deftly chosen, dealing with less departmental subjects, and distributed at even periods as a kind of survey and resumption of general tendencies. The chapter on "Johnson and Boswell" might have been used to secure that end, especially in view of the sub-title for the volume that the editors have chosen. Mr. Nichol Smith might have been expected to make of it what he does, a scholarly and capable examination of the sturdiest figure of his time, and of the circle that swung around him. And Mr. Austin Dobson's article on "Oliver Goldsmith" is specially happy, because in it subject and author accord in delicate ease of style. It is an important period, and a robust period, with all the earthly limitations of its robustness. It is certainly a period that we would like to have seen in its whole as well as in its details.

BOOKS

FEMINISM

THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY (MRS. GALLICHAN). (Nash.) 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Once more, woman; this time a study of the Matriarchy, an attempt to prove that the Matriarchal preceded the Patriarchal state of society and thereby establish the position of the mother in the family as the dominant partner in sex relationship. Mrs. Gallichan has already written a remarkably sane book on sex, and without doubt she brings to her task a lucid brain and the qualities essential to dispassionate investigation, yet this volume cannot be regarded as more than a suggestive treatise, nor does she seem quite to appreciate the fundamental difference in a society which is savage from that of the present day where economics are the main-force interest and reason both of the State and the individual. For granted her hypothesis, that the mother was the dominant partner in primitive times, her position was held and acquired (as she admits) solely by virtue of her utility, as the worker in the totem, family, or State, man being kept merely as a breeder, as we keep stallions to-day on the farms; woman, therefore, being the economic factor, man the fighter, the lover, and so professionally lazy and unindustrious. Now this may have been; it is conceivable. The question is: what does it prove? Surely not that the Patriarchal system of the Jews is degenerate? Nor is it clear whether Mrs. Gallichan upholds this state as a virtue, or whether she implies that we are returning to these prehistoric conditions. Any such step must necessarily be retrograde, for the supreme dignity of man is his work, and this the Patriarchal system proclaims. To give woman the right of sex selection is to return to the farmyard, and is the negation of chivalry. Further, it leaves out of account the will. Even in animal life the male is often very difficult in his "jumps." Man would be infinitely more so. The thing is to us unthinkable; and it is curious that so simple a physiological truth should be questioned by any intelligent woman writing on sex matters. However, Mrs. Gallichan makes some good points, as, for instance, the undoubted fact that chastity is the corollary of the property idea of civilisation, and philosophically has no other reason, moral or social—which is one of the historical discoveries women are making and may yet lead to

very remarkable results, especially in its relation to all forms of Christianity, which imposed chastity on women to enforce the law of property upon man. When Mrs. Gallichan ends by insisting that the goal of women is economic security, she must surely recognise that such is only procurable by woman's power of work and creation, and that, in fact, the road is entirely open to them in all branches of creative industry. Any woman can become economically independent to-day if she can earn money sufficient to make herself so. But we are digressing. As a fact, Mrs. Gallichan lays it down as axiomatic that women were created to be mothers, whether in the Matriarchal or Patriarchal state; which means that as a sex they are physically handicapped, both economically and individually.

FICTION

JAMES. By W. DANE BANK. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

THE influence of Arnold Bennett's "Card" lies upon this novel which tells of a very similar fellow from the Midlands who climbs to wealth and high position, and it is neither pawky nor sentimental. Indeed, it is a story of considerable merit, truth-seeking, direct, deftly narrated, a book to read, a book which should achieve a genuine success. James is the modern type of the "arriviste." He lives to get on, to make money, and he has neither scruples nor philosophy. In its way, it is a breathless story, culminating in a bravado love affair which is as surprising as it is unconventional, and shows the author to be a very shrewd observer of the two sexes. And that is the charm of the book. The author is a thoroughly modern man, not afraid to dismiss the doctrine of Hell, not afraid to reveal the cupidities of man, not afraid of himself. It would be interesting to know the history of the book, and the identity of the author. One has the impression it was written some time ago and refused by dozens of publishers, but quite possibly not. At any rate, "James" is as good as a good cinema, and is likely to inspire many a young cock-o'-lorum with notions and "bear" tactics. Dora may find him a bit trying, to be sure, for the man is unquestionably a "fair knock-out." By the way, the hair-restoring fraternity ought to pay him a good sum to have the book suppressed.

BOOKS

THE JUDGMENT OF EVE. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson and Co.) 6*s*.

May Sinclair provides an introduction to this volume of stories in the modern fashion which is semi-apologetic, in which she explains why they are in the nature of boiled novels and why she considers them to be none-the-less legitimate short stories. We can agree with her. As a matter of fact, a great deal of nonsense has been talked ever since Maupassant wrote stories; and, especially in this country, a school has arisen professing to show that technique is of infinitely more importance than the subject. Recently, however, Mr. Arnold Bennett threw down that fetich, having himself been for a considerable time one of its foremost propagandists. Miss Sinclair is a great technician. Indeed, there are few writers who have such a power of presentation and are able to write so closely and intimately of people's motives and souls. In all these tales this art is very evident; and if Miss Sinclair had begun her book by saying "here is a volume of short stories which deliberately break away from the bugbear of the French tradition, but are themselves very complete as short stories, whereas by their dramatic intensity they would probably fail as long stories," we should have been entirely in sympathy with her. They are a little sub-acid, perhaps. Again, Miss Sinclair's men are inclined to be rather too much the stupid male that we hear so much about nowadays; while her women are invested with rather an over-share of human nobility. All the same, unquestionably these stories are exceedingly powerful work, and though they are entirely un-French in style of composition they none-the-less reflect life in the sharp, intense, dramatic manner which one has the right to ask from the short story-teller. No one but a very keen observer of nature could have written these pictures, mostly of disappointed lives of men and women whose lot it seems to be to struggle hopelessly against life in the vicious circle of the conventionalities of civilisation in which marriage conspicuously plays its warring and disintegrating part. The book is not exactly a hand-book for those about to marry, but it may be a very useful one. We are glad to find that Miss Sinclair seems to be moving onwards to a higher grasp of her own literary expression.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END. By PATRICK MACGILL. Herbert Jenkins. 6*s*.

This book by Mr. MacGill is a wonderful piece of work in which is given the story of the virtues and the vices of that picturesque nomad of modern society, the tramping navvy; and the story is so vividly told that even the reader whose life has been sheltered from every blast of evil fortune must follow the author's every mood and suffer or sing as he wills. We read of men on tramp, of men begging, men gambling, drinking, fighting, lusting, and working; the story of the down-and-outers is complete. We have finely-drawn pictures of the navvy camp at Kinlochleven. There in the Scottish Highlands the men were housed in rotten shacks of a single compartment, one room which served as bedroom, eating room, dressing room, and gambling saloon. The floor of each hut was the bare earth which, even in summer, was often a puddle of sticky clay and water. Round the walls of the hut were three tiers of bunks, accommodating about fifty men. "Usually three men lay in each bunk, and sometimes it happened that four unwashed, dirty humans were huddled together under the one evil-smelling, flea-covered blanket." Under such conditions, Mr. MacGill and his thousands of mates, the pioneers of our towns and cities, lived and laboured. What was the ultimate object of all their toil and suffering they never troubled to find out. "There were so many tons of earth to be lifted and thrown somewhere else; we lifted them and threw them somewhere else; so many cubic yards of iron-hard rock to be blasted and carried away; we blasted and carried them away, but never asked questions and never knew what result we were labouring to bring about." They gutted mountains and hills and, incidentally, turned the Highlands into a cinder heap, and were "as wise at the beginning as at the end of the task." The characters in the book are great. There is Moleskin Joe, the philosopher and fighter—or, rather, the fighter-philosopher, for his philosophy is summed up in the words: "Keep clear of women and always stand up to your man until he knocks you out—that's if you're gettin' the worst of the fight." There are Hell-Fire Gahey and Carrotty Dan, who may be met with to-day "on some precarious job, or in some evil-smelling lodging house, or, as suits these gipsies of labour,

on the open road." Gouroc Ellen and Annie, the women of easy virtue, and Norah Ryan, the hero's sweetheart, who started life as one of the sweetest creatures that ever left the fields of Ireland, and who, through her "ignorance of the fundamental facts of existence," found a death-bed in a Scottish brothel. *The Children of the Dead End*, we repeat, is a great, a wonderful piece of work.

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. III. Dill, Dent and Sons. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. C. J. Hogarth's capacity for effacing himself would seem to be responsible for the only blot on this notable translation, viz., the absence of an Introduction on Kluchevsky as historian, his training and place among Russian scholars. We are vouchsafed nothing but an ambiguous footnote which tells us "since the author's death, this history has been written up to date, with the aid of notes he left behind him." We entreat Mr. Hogarth, who has translated into admirable, nervous English over a thousand pages of the Russian text, to crown his labours by giving to the English-speaking world "the notes" of this conscientious, fearless scholar, whose sharpness of insight is no less amazing than his mastery of the immense field of historical researches. Volume II ended with the death of Ivan the Terrible, and Volume III brings the story of Russia's social and political evolution down to the period preparatory to the reforms of Peter the Great. The seventeenth century witnessed the rise of the new dynasty of the Romanovs, increasing social discord between all classes, political feuds between "the great boyars" and other sections of the nobility, general disorganisation and demoralisation during "the Period of Troubles," failure to secure any representative government for the community, and, as a consequence, the disproportionate growth of the central executive. Two of the most interesting chapters discuss Russia's need for Western science, culture, and organisation after "the Period of Troubles," the spiritual and social confusion that these "borrowings" introduced into the national life, and the beginning of the reaction against Western influence. But Kluchevsky's most interesting generalisations, which are to be found in his opening chapter, explain how it was that, in proportion as the Russian Empire expanded, the nation's internal freedom became

restricted. The tendency of the Westerner to act independently of the State, and to follow his own initiative, safeguarded the popular liberty, while under pressure of external wars the free classes in Russia "became welded, in the interests of the treasury and State service, into large corporations, while a considerable majority of the peasant population became bound to serfdom." After 1722, the ruling classes became immensely stronger, acquiring fresh privileges and advantages at the expense of the lower class. And this process was accentuated automatically by the demands of the State till "the middle of the nineteenth century saw Russia under the administration, not of an aristocracy, nor of a democracy, but of a bureaucracy—*i.e.*, of an army of officials of heterogeneous origin, who acted externally to the community, and had no particular social characteristics to distinguish them . . . . while social disintegration was further added to by the moral estrangement of the ruling class from the masses whom that class administered." Of ominous interest is the chapter on the failure of the Zemski Sobor, the "one elective, pan-national representative Council" to maintain itself, and of its speedy degeneration into a mere instrument of Government. History repeats itself, and the story of the mutilations of the Assembly, the ruling out of the rights of the rural-agricultural population, and the loss of its representative organs, is curiously in line with the Russian Government's arbitrary treatment to-day of the Duma.

JOHN CALVIN. By HUGH Y. REYBURN, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Reyburn has delved deeply into Calvin and his contemporaries; he possesses a scholastic outfit which enables him to deal suggestively with that rather dreadful creature and with those queer times when people really bothered their heads about the Trinity and so forth. Not that we arise from the perusal charmed with the reformer; Mr. Reyburn is too wise to desire us to be charmed; but he certainly helps us to understand better the temper of the age, and to thank God that we were not born in those days. He frankly condemns Calvin's attitude in the matter of Servetus (p. 185), and finds analogies between his character and that of Torquemada. That is sound. Later on, we learn some pleasing personal traits; for example, we read a letter in which Calvin figures as a

matchmaker—a letter that makes one realise that somewhere in the depths of his frozen nature lay the elements of a humane citizen. The twentieth chapter is a fair and succinct summary of what Calvin has done for us—among other things, he *armed the opposition to Rome*. In so far he deserves the thanks of posterity, for all secessions from an organised priest-government are good, and that of Calvin was lucky enough to bring forth a noble brood of further splits and squabbles, unedifying in themselves, but all tending ultimately to the emancipation of mankind from the blight of theocracy. This is what Calvin has helped us to accomplish, though it was assuredly not his aim.

THE HERMITS AND ANCHORITES OF ENGLAND. By ROTHA MARY CLAY. Methuen. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The authoress has exposed a dim byway of history—the lives of those men and women who sought a closer communion with God by dwelling apart from their fellows, in caves and fens and forests. It was a curious state of mind which produced them, a state of mind by no means peculiar to Christianity, and one that, for all its apparent perversity, yet produced a great deal of good. So much is quite apparent from these pages wherein you will find their dwelling-places carefully described, their various habits analysed and tabulated. What Miss Clay does not know about English anchorites is plainly not worth knowing. There is a good chapter on "Literary Hermits," and a number of capital illustrations.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE AT ELBA (1814–1815). By NORWOOD YOUNG. Stanley Paul. 21*s*. net.

This volume, charmingly got up, is by no means the least interesting of the recent contributions to Napoleon literature. Mr. Young has expended much thought and patience upon this curious Elba phase; he has collected a mass of information, all of it tending to show his hero's magnificent histrionic abilities. But we speak from experience when we say that fully to appreciate such a delightful book one must pilgrimage to the rocky island (the simplest of undertakings nowadays) and become personally acquainted with the scenes it describes. What more pleasant, at this season of the year? The text, and the illustrations too, will then assume quite a new import.

These illustrations, by the way, are a feature of the work. They include some caricatures of the epoch which have been admirably dealt with in a separate chapter by Mr. A. M. Broadley.

SOCIOLOGY

INTERPRETATIONS AND FORECASTS. By VICTOR BRANFORD. Duckworth. *7s.* 6*d.*

This kind of book is interesting as a historical document. It is well that future generations should have some record of a peculiar trend of the modern mind—to wit, this pythagorean revival, with its pseudo-monastic tendencies and sacerdotal taint, its craving for regeneration, neighbourly love, and all the other symptoms of that anxious herd-spirit which, duly considered, merely represents a decay of independent manliness. Thus they will live, the Good Race in the City Beautiful, addling their brains with soul-nonsense, democratising culture, blandly hunting for God, selecting wives on strictly Galtonian principles; thus they will live, like a flock of prize sheep, till—till when? Till the solitary joker comes along, the rational beast of prey, who refuses to take this mutual-admiration society at its own estimate, declines to eat their choice sanitary gruel or to select a eugenic soul-mate at the bidding of a conclave of solemn wet-nurses, knocks their æsthetic temples and colonnades into the gutter, and makes the worshippers do a little honest work for him. After that, they can begin to build again with the same fateful zeal and lack of worldly discrimination as heretofore. The Vision Splendid arises once more. . . .

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